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WHERE THE SMILE COMES IN.

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BY

BARNES MAGOFFIN.

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PAYMASTER'S DEPARTMENT

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PREFACE.

To the Bank Clerks of Greater New York.

GENTLEMEN :—When "No. 66" became past history, the writer devoted part of his involuntary vacation to the preparation of the sketches in this little volume.

A few of these have appeared heretofore in the columns of an influential journal beyond the Hudson, and were well received. The writer may, perhaps, without egotism, quote some kind and complimentary expressions of Editor John J. Leidy (now of the Newark *Daily Advertiser*) in regard to these sketches.

In a personal letter Mr. Leidy says: "As editor of the Newark *Suuday Call* for thirteen years, I received and approved your weekly sketches, and

am therefore qualified to speak of their merits. They are distinguished by an originality of conception, a humor and satire, and a general interest that gave them every charm for the reader. And charm they did, for during a period of years they were a feature of *The Call*, and contributed not a little to its success as a newspaper."

Having served the "Old Third" under its first and also under its last President, the writer may be pardoned for feeling a sort of Deanship in the great Bank Clerk fraternity. And he is fain to believe the rank and file of that grand army will accord his little Book the honor of being placed in the top layer of their traveling bags when the annual furlough comes and they speed away to more exhilarating sport than "Hunting for Differences."

Yours fraternally,

BARNES MAGOFFIN.

WHERE THE SMILE COMES IN.

"HIS FAVORITE NOVELISTS AND HIS BEST BOOK."

DANIEL was his name, and he was connected with the Press. The young gentleman he succeeded had been removed from his position, owing to mixing with his daily duty an absorbing passion for the tactics of the noble American game, baseball.

On days when much moisture pervaded the surrounding atmosphere, and evening newspaper editions were reeking, the temptation to this sporty carrier to roll each copy into solid globes, and deliver them upon his customer's premises with a bang, was just too fascinating to be resisted. The consequence was that several middle-aged gentle-

men narrowly endangered their necks in scaling steep piazza roofs, or by fishing in gutters from the giddy heights of scuttle-holes for the newspaper that should have been soberly escorted to their front doorsteps. Complaining letters to the publishing office arrived in such numbers that notice had to be taken of their contents, and the evil quickly remedied. Thus the more sedate-looking Daniel appeared very close upon the retreating heels of the bounced base-ball fiend of immature years.

The new carrier, after a month's trial, showed himself, in the proper delivery of his papers, at least, to be more satisfactory than his predecessor, and was thought to be quite worthy of a fair holiday tip. He was informed through the housemaid, that after finishing his evening task he was expected to give a few spare moments to the gentleman of the house in the retirement of his library.

Daniel was a very conspicuous boy, owing entirely to his hair. That the arrangement of his

auburn locks was to him something to be strongly accented, seemed proclaimed by the smallness of his flat cap, and the perching of it on the extreme rear of his skull. How he kept this dot of a hat in place, puzzled the man of the house. Giving the riddle up in despair, it was passed to the lady of the house. She suggested, woman-like, hairpins. Now, the real answer came later, and proved to be hair unguent, of a very sticky order. Arrayed in other respects as a smarter sort of junior tramp, the grooming of Daniel's hair was far in advance of his working uniform. In cut, it was very suggestive of the coiffure of Mr. Corbett (of course, before getting down to the business of the ring).

It was supposed, before Daniel's history was rightly read, that the influence of polite society, as

represented by football aristocracy, had got through with the outside of his head and there rested from its severe labor. Later on will be hinted the secret of Daniel's close affection for this gladiatorial cut he had adopted.

Prompt to the selected hour, Daniel was in the library of the man of the house. In the interview that followed, Daniel asserted that his age was ten. He had been supposed to be, at least, twelve. His life since his widowed mother's death, he said, had been spent upon the streets, mostly. He could read far better than he could write. His first acquaintance with literature, was the mastering for his mother, a patent medicine almanac from the corner drug-store free library.

"You see, Boss, mother was by profess'en a taker in of washen', and she did a fair trade 'fore them Chinamen cum on our street wid their blue blouses and red curtins, and they jes' knocked ther stuffin' out of mother's livin'! Wid a winter's spell at night school, I was able to keep mother posted from that ere al'mack as to clo's-dryin' weather.

When, on account of them Chinamen, mother's earnin's got short, we had hard lines of it, Boss, till I was big enough to tackle boot shinin' an' evenin' papers. An' Boss, jes' when I was gittin' on the shure road to earnin' what would be of more help to her, mammy died; wore out before her time, Boss, all along of them yellah-skin, dried-up old washermen. Them boardin' house swells, with their two collars an' one shirt a week to wash, have all gone back on ther 'spectable 'Merican widder-lady in reduced circumstances, that form'ly had all their trade. That ain't square 'Merican treatment, is it, Boss? Soon after her funeral, ther werry first thing I did was to rush into a barber shop where ther Dago boy who does ther customers' boot polishin' was a pardner of mine.

"You see, Boss, mother took me to a cheap theatre one night and we saw a play in which there was a sickly little cuss in black velvet, big white frill collar, red sash like a drum-major's, and long curls—yes, curls, Boss, long and many as gals wear. From that night, Boss, poor mammy was

dead stuck on that stage kid's curls, and she says to me: 'Danny, I kin get you no black welvet knick'bockers, but ther good Lord gives to poor folkses kids as much hair as they want, and for nuthen'.' I tell you, Boss, ther boys in our alley they guyed me fearful after mother got dead stuck on haven' my hair kep' in ther little Lord Fontleroy style. I jes' hope poor mother ain't been told by any dead female neighbor of hern how I, ther werry moment her breath was out of her body, sprinted for that Dago barber's shop, and said good-by to my long ringlets. Mother was good to me, Boss, but somehow she never could ketch on to how I did suffer from them ringlets. But you've got a pile of books here, Boss?" and Daniel, with a husky voice, turned his back and seemed so bent on leading his talk in some other direction than further gossip over his dead mother's eccentricities as to the arrangement of his hair, that he was humored at once in his examination of my book-shelves.

"Boss, hain't you got 'mong them many books,

'Hawkeye Sammy, the Boy Trapper Ranger?' No! nor 'Glass Eye, ther Dead Shot;' nor 'Death Face, ther Body Snatcher;' nor 'Cloven Hoof, ther Devil Sprinter,' either? Well, that does git me! If I was on a still hunt like you, Boss, jes' for all ther books I likes, my shoppen' would be all done at one establishment I knows of. Yes, sir, it's a bookseller's shop, but none of ther books cost more than a nickel. Of them works I mentioned, my favorite am 'Hawkeye Sammy.' I was a mere kid, Boss, when Sammy and I got 'quainted. But I read it now with jes' as much pleasure as the first time, though with more knowledge, I hope. Well, Boss, thar's a story of me attached to ther first readen of dear ole Sammy, which if you wish I will give you straight. I was so 'fected by it that nuthen' would satisfy me but of seein' quickly with me own eyes live Injuns; a real grizzly; and a true trapper's cabin.

"With two doughnuts for rations, a pea-shooter for killen' Injuns, an' a shinny-stick for clubben' bears, I started one fine mornen' for ther land of

ther Setten' Sun. I got as far as ther next big town from here when a cop hails me. I tells him what was on my mind. He said I would have to go with him first, an' ask an old gent he knew for permission. The old gent the cop told me of was ther police judge. He made the cop stand me on a table and this is what the judge give me, word for word: 'This officer tells me, youngster, that he found this book in your possession (and he shows up 'Hawkeye Sammy, ther Boy Trapper Ranger.') 'Well,' says ther judge, 'keep on readen' books like this an' you may be 'fected like that bad boy, Jesse Pomeroy; an' he tells me who Jes was and about ther murder he committed. 'If I had ther man here,' says ther judge, 'what rote your fav'rite novel he'd get his deserts at this shop, heapen', bilen' over. He, it was, my boy, who 'duced you to run this long ways from your dear mammy. Yes, I'd rather inflict ther law on that man than on you, you little three-foot high Injun scalper. Let me see what I kin do to cure you from ever thinken' agin of sich nonsense as

you were bent on.' Then he turns to ther cop, an' says: 'Officer, you say he carried conceal'd weepons? Let me see them. Ha! what is this? an' it's loaded, too! Officer, have the deadly pea removed from this murderous gun; be extremely careful, for a dead policeman is worth much more than a dead Injun. An' a club besides! Why his case is gittin' worse and worse! You have made a very important arrest, officer, and I must congratulate you. I hope that ther reserves have not gone out yet; hold on to them. If I have to send this dangerous character up for sixty or seventy years, he may try to strangle me as soon as sentence is pronounced.'

"Here the old judge looked sharply at me through his specs, expecten' to see me in tears an tremblen' all over. Now, mind you, Boss, never a tear did I shed. Oh! I was a game little tough in those days, Boss. Why! it's almost two years ago—Well, sir, when the old judge saw that all ther awful things he could do with me didn't scare me a bit, then he says to ther peeler who had

'pinched' me: 'Tell ther matron to hire some kind woman. Let her git this poor petted kid a nice warm supper, then take him by rail to his mother's home; all at my expense, officer. An' stay, here's a note for ther poor lady to read. Then he turns to me and says, in quite a different voice, Boss, from what he used in his thunder over what the law might have given me: 'Sonny, have you no thought of your poor mammy who is now, I am sure, hunting up and down the dark streets of your city, for her little stray lamb? For you must have a very loving mother, my lad, to be wearen' sich keerfully curled golden ringlets?'

"Well, Boss, mother was indeed goen' on jes as ther kind old judge expected. Nor have I any grudge agin ther old man that his note to mother said: 'Never mind ther expense I've been to in returning your wanderer by safe hands. But it is my advice to you, Madam, that ther best way to get this crazy Injun business out of him is to at once put some of your elbow-grease into ther worken' of a birch-rod. You will know, without

suggestion from me, where ther rod should be administered an' ther extent of ther dose.'

"Wow! wow! Boss, how a shingle in mother's hand did git in its fine work, in followin' ther old judge's advice!

"Did ther good advice and ther warm home remedy cure me, you ask, of half-dime novel readin'? Well, Boss, I did try for a long spell to shut down on dear old Sammy, ther Boy Trapper an' his companion books. By mother's advice, ther good Sup. up to ther Mission Sunday-school tried on me some of his gray-colored cotton-covered religious readin' matter. Ther pictures were good, but they lacked painten'; ther fust chapter or so of readin' promised well, but all of a sudden, without warnen', Boss, a sermon was sprung on yer. That style of swindlen' readers of them books, Boss, is like sugar-coaten' doctor's stuff. I takes back ther nex' Sunday ther keerfully-covered book the Sup. selected for me, and says I to ther young man who was runnen' ther libr'ry:

"'Ain't there any scalpen' stories in your big

stock of books? Cause,' says I, 'I always like to take Injun in mine.'

"He shook his head and kinder seemed to be laughen' at my question.

"'Ther gentleman,' says I, 'who used to furnish me with readin' matter afore I cum to know your select Sunday-school collection, had Injuns in most of his. Yes, sir, and to save his half-dime volumes from their soilen', consequent of too much inspection before buyen', this old gent reads 'em all himself first, then puts in pencil on ther tops of ther outer cover jes' how many Injuns is killed in its inside. That's ther right way to run a library, I'm thinken,' says I to ther young gent.

"'That's a great scheme,' says he, 'I never thought of that before. What a 'commodaten' bookseller he is.'

"Believe me, Boss, of all them numerous an' nicely covered books up to the Sunday Mission, not one of 'em told of any kind of fight, at least, worth mentionen'. Yes, sur, they all wanted more snap to 'em. In a book I like, ther crack of ther

rifle ought to be heared from kiver to kiver; hoisten' scalps done on every chapter; and at ther end should cum dancen' in, lots of beautiful girls wrapped in 'Merican flags, to lead out for partners all ther soldiers at a frontier fort, to dance upon ther rollen' flower-strewed prairies!

"Say, Boss, I'll fetch up a new fresh copy to-morrow, of dear old 'Sammy, ther Boy Trapper,' an' yous ken jes' see for yourself what a bully book it be."

As Daniel was saying good-bye, he was pre-ented with a well-thumbed copy of "Leather Stocking."

"As you wish, Boss, I'll read it and compare it with 'Sammy, ther Boy Trapper,' but I have my doubts, Boss, that there's any Cooper in ther Union that in slingin' ink in Injun stories kin do it as well as ther lit'rary chap who penned dear old 'Sammy, ther Boy Trapper,' though I don't know his name, Boss, yet he's a corker at his biz, an' every one of us evenin'-news hustlers says we can depen' on him every time, an' have no fears of get-ten' left."

MR. CARKER AND THE GYPSY QUEEN.

MR. CARKER was a society swell in winter, an amateur boatman in summer. He was a popular leader of the German and a dapper coxswain to his crew. His set divided his title into Coxey and Poney, and at his election, Commodore Sawedoff.

Poney Carker came into the smoker of his club one night, much depressed over the close shearing he had got when in the hands of more than one fair shepherdess, for at the time Mr. Carker's family chapel was holding its annual Parish Fair. The dapper coxswain was not long before he aired his oppressing troubles.

"Some of you millionaires will please stand for a cigar, for blest if I have in my clothes more than the price of a trolley-ride home. Thanks. How I happened to get cleaned out so thoroughly, is all owing to a tip given by the Sunday-school Sup., in

the ticket-office outside, to the girls inside who are running our Church Fair. I was so fresh as to flourish a new twenty-dollar bill under the nose of that sharp ticket-taker, whereas, a ten cent stamp might have got me by without any giving away of the contents of my pocket-book. I suppose, by telephone, he gave the women-folks inside the hall to understand that a jay, with money to burn, demanded their immediate attention, and I got it hot from the bat. Every time I took out my pocket-book to pay for a trifle, a shepherdess would take a peep and pass the news on that, 'There's a few dollars left yet, girls; go for them your prettiest.' It wasn't very long before I says to myself, 'Samuel, go slow with what's left in the locker or you'll be strapped before the supper room hoves in sight.' After much dodging, on economical motives, the fair ones with raffle chances, and the hash-counter lights were just in sight, who should I bump against but that close-fisted old mariner, Wiggy Wiggins. 'To avoid "hold ups," Coxey,' says Wiggy, 'let's paddle in company.'

"'If there's any sport to be had cheap, Wiggy,' says I, 'I can only tackle that sort, for I haven't much left above the price of a church stew.'

"'It costs but a quarter to get a "hand tickler," Coxey; shall we sample one?'

"'Let's scoop it in, Wiggy,' says I, for I didn't like to show Wiggy that I was in total ignorance of what sort of sport his 'hand ticklers' might be. It was Wiggy's name, boys, for the magic art of the Fair's Fortune Teller. The Gyp., we found, was carrying on a flourishing trade at her tent, and much time it took us to get inside; as her canvas shop was small, only one customer at a time could be waited on. Well, I was landed there finally. The Gyp. was indeed a daisy, and quite a picnic it was to have your paw held for the three or four minutes it took to read the lines of fortune on your palm. Her hands were a little large, but she was quite tall and that accounts for it. But her voice! Yum! yum! It was indeed sweet music, in a double sense, to hear her warble that I was to be a millionaire within a week, at the very farthest.

"My reduced twenty gave me less sad regrets when I got that tip. When I came out, 'Wiggy,' I says, 'go in, it's your turn now.' But Wiggy put on a long face and says, 'I'm feared to do it, Coxey, I'm awful superstitious, an' if she gives me bad luck, I'd not sleep a wink to-night. No, Poney, I'll not run the chance. But, tell me, did you suspect who this lovely queen is?'

"'Wiggy,' says I, 'I was so paralyzed by her good looks and the hearty grip she gave my flipper, that I quite forgot to question myself as to where I had heard that voice of hers, yet it seems familiar. Remember, her face is so well stained, that even if I had not lost my head, I'd still be unable to solve your conundrum.'

"As Wiggy and I were puzzling over who she could be, I was knocked silly at beholding the colored sexton of our church enter the lovely queen's apartment.

"'How quick he'll get fired,' said I.

"'Don't know about that,' says Wiggy. 'The young women of our church can be calculated

upon to do most anything to help wipe out its heavy mortgage.'

"'But to tell a colored gentleman's fortune! They would certainly draw the line at that,' I indignantly fired back,

"'Perhaps you are right, Coxey. See, here are a couple of holes in the old table-cloth that the parson's wife has loaned for the back of the gypsy's tent. Let's watch the fun.' So Wiggy and I took it all in. I was just raving mad, boys, at seein' the sexton get served in a style just as nice as I had been. As for Wiggy, it didn't appear to disgust him in the least. He even smiled and says, 'I'm going to interview the sex., and hear what sort of a fortune was doled out to him.'

"When Obe—that's the sex.'s name—comes out, Wiggy says, 'Obe, what did the handsome gypsy give you in the fortune line?'

"'So you two gemmens seed me go into de tent? Oh, yes, I got my forchune told jes de same as you white gemmen. But I hain't no stamps to waste on any hamateur forchun-teller. Doan' tink

me dat foolish.—De choir boys put up fer de ticket. Dey thought sure, I'd git fired out, an' I tink so myself. But dat young lady in dar, I suspec', fears for de sixteenth 'mendment workin' de law agin her, if she no treats me like a white gemmen. Golly! I'd jes like to know for sure which of our young ladies she am. She's one of our church 'tendants, sure, an' no strange lady from outside.'

"'Tell us why you are so positive, Obe?' says Wiggy, very earnestly, I noticed.

"'Jes by dis, gemmen; what I hoped to get if she would treat me like de white gemmen, was de name of some sure hoss to bet on. Shucks! I might hab know'd better. Whatever does our church ladies know about de wishes ob folks as play de races. So what she gib me after squeezin' my han' so powerful was jes dis: Dat if I doan' git up earlier winter Sunday mornen's an' hab de church comf'table warm for early prayers, den some udder colored gemmen git my fat job ob coaxen' de ole furnace up to sixty degrees. Now,

dat home shot, I arger, kin only cum, gemmen, from some one dat is reg'lar 'tendant at our early

sarvices, an' beleeb me, dar's mighty few of dem 'sides de choir boys. I more 'an 'spects dat dis Gypsy Queen bis'ness am a frolic of de parson's lively daughter. She awful cute at play-actin' in de comic line, as you gemmens knows.'

"Now, boys," and the little coxswain's words were indignant ones, "don't you all share my disgust over the fact that there is one young lady of

surpassing beauty in our swell parish of St. Jude who, for the sake of reducing a church debt, will —oh, here comes Wiggy himself," and Mr. Carker whispers to his comrades, "Pump him, boys; my suspicions are that he knows the name of the handsome Gyp. You, too, would be dy'n' to know her address, if any one of you once caught on to her good looks."

"Wiggy Wiggins was pleaded with and for a long time he showed no signs of consenting to what he claimed would be 'an awful breach of confidence,' adding, 'what sets you on to me as being in this Queen's confidence?'"

Some one answered: "Poney is dead stuck and wants an introduction, though he professes to question the propriety of her telling the fortunes of mokes. He ain't sure you can settle his anxiety, but he says you are one of the Fair Committee and the possibilities are encouraging that you can."

"Will you all, every man of you, take your 'solemn' that if I let you into the secret it will go no

further than this room? For you plainly see that the little affair about the sexton that Poney told you of will certainly make a scandal, and the Gyp's name had better be kept dark."

They all raised their right hands and looked honest about what was asked of them. Mr. Wiggins after another caution said: "The lovely Fortune Teller whom our dear Coxey wants to settle with for a heartache is Bobby Warbler, the tall, handsome choir boy who sings solos so divinely at St. Jude's Chapel!"

HOW MR. CARKER PAID HIS DEBTS.

AMATEUR Coxswain Samuel Carker's income, as his intimates knew quite well (for Sammy was a great prattler), came to him quarterly and was paid over by a stern trustee. Sammy loved to dress in the very latest cut, drive out of afternoon behind a good trotter, and upon dividend day treat his boating chums to a well-appointed dinner at his club. Owing entirely to these three weaknesses, long before Sammy's ensuing "quarterly" was due, the young gentleman lived upon credit. Upon one of these dividend days Mr. Carker made a departure from his usual custom of sharing with his creditors or chums a portion of his income. A new horse was the reason, as it could not be bought upon credit. This new arrangement as to his quarter-day dividend was not amicably looked upon by Sammy's tailor, bootmaker, cigar dealer

and livery-stable keeper, and they finally stood by their determination to give him not another cent's worth of credit. When everything about Mr. Carker's domestic establishment was not new save the horse, and his club chums were wondering over the long delayed quarterly dinner, the little coxswain suddenly appeared among them arrayed as Solomon in all the glory a swell tailor of his day could pile on. The club boys were perplexed. They all knew to the moment the arrival of Sammy's dividend and the prompt "blowing off," that could safely be relied upon. It had long passed without its sure sign. As now there was an immediate prospect of a good dinner they concluded to delay questions, and they fell at once to praising the remarkable garments their dear little Coxey was sporting. To better take in the startling show the little gent was lifted upon a table and every electric light and unused candle in the room lent its illumination to his person.

"How is it, Coxey," asked Mr. Wiggy Wiggins, when the garments had been inspected, "that the

show has been delayed so long? Did the cruel trustee pass the dividend? For, if I remember rightly, the day after it was fully due you suggested to the Club Steward that he 'hang up,' your café ticket for a bottle of beer and a cigar of the lowest club quotations."

"And what is tougher yet," put in Billy Barton, "our delicate little Coxey upon that same night came waltzing in with patent-leather pumps and the slush outside an inch deep."

The new horse that ate up the entire quarterly allowance and the remorseless creditors who thereupon forced him to wear low shoes at midwinter were accounted for by Mr. Sammy; but more money was needed yet for the dashing clothes he was now wearing. So the hiatus was noted.

"Oh, no, boys," replied the indignant coxswain, "I haven't held up an express messenger or murdered or robbed my wealthy guardian. All I have done to get the needful was to work a tip on a certain stock that I got from Morgan Piermont's favorite boot-black. See!"

The suspicions of his wondering comrades quieted, Mr. Sammy's face suddenly passed from an indignant mask to a merry one.

"Next to having money to burn," said Sammy, as he flourished a big roll of greenbacks, "comes the jolly sport of using it sparingly to set tired dunning tradesmen gleefully dancing. Boys, I have had much roaring fun in that line to-day."

"I have no doubt, Coxey," observed the staid Mr. Wiggins, "that the gentlemen you jollied enjoyed the novel sport a deal more than you did. Why not make it a popular game? Keep it up the rest of your life, my boy, and I will wager that every tradesman will subscribe liberally for prizes. Come, we sports are all anxious to hear how you played to your own satisfaction a game you have had so little experience at!"

Sammy Carker was in too amiable a condition to notice sarcastic remarks from any one. After lighting a cigarette he proceeded to detail the past day's merry game.

"The first shop I entered was little Brogan's, the

shoemaker. He is rather off at the top of his head. Would you believe it that he came near ordering a new sign to read, 'Emanuel Brogans, Boot-maker to his Royal Nibs, Coxswain Samuel Carker, Esq.,' after I settled with him and suggested the idea. He has eight kids, and has been howling for all that I owed him since last summer. This little innocent leather-tapper had to receipt with a cross, he was so weak for lack of substantial fodder, so his wife said. But boys, depend upon it, he is feeding heartily now. He made signs to his strapping big wife to lead me to the nearest saloon and blow me off with a boot-leg of stale beer. You can bet that I steered his three hundred-pound lady clear of any gin mill, and, instead, I had her escort me to the nearest butcher shop. I sent her home with about a half of a sheep.

"My next call was upon Goosey, the tailor. His bill was the heaviest of the lot. Goosey owes most of his business to boating men. Don't all our uniforms, from the Commodore down, come out of his shop? Nor had I forgotten his sudden shutting down on me for skipping him for the first time in years when my last quarter-day came round. To put him on the anxious seat for a spell was the way I showed him my opinion of his ungentlemanly act. 'Good-day, Goose,' says I, 'I was passing and the thought struck me to tell you in place of writing, that if you will come down to my office, say to-morrow—'

"'Yes, yes, Mr. Samuel.'

"'Don't interrupt, please; if to-morrow you call, I will most positively inform you, Goose, when you can call again?'

"'Oh! oh! Mr. Samuels, how mistaken I was. For when I seed the big smile you wore as you opened my door, I at once said to myself, "He comes to settle some part of that terrible long bill." Tell me, Mr. Samuels, have I not been very

liberal to you boating gentlemen and to you far more than any of the others? And not one of them, Mr. Samuels, when he can pay me forgets to do it. That I refused you more credit, Mr. Samuels, was because I could wait no longer.'

"'But you'll *have* to wait,' says I, taking out my watch.

"'No, no, Mr. Samuels, not another day. It's impossible; my young ladies threaten to strike. Their wages are delayed, for my collections are so unsuccessful.'

"'Well, then,' says I, 'I'll make you wait. It is, you see by my watch four minutes to ten. Could you, Mr. G., give me, to hustle around and collar the full amount of your little bill, until ten o'clock, say?'

"The effect upon Old Goose when four minutes later he saw me pull out a well-stuffed wallet, was to leap from his cross-legged position to my side, pulling after him hot smoothing irons and yards of measuring tape, and his crooked legs at every step working through the arm-holes of the coat that he

had been basting. His shouts of joy brought from the back room the striking girls that work for him, and blessed if he didn't look like kissing them all around. At least after he had said: 'Ladies, Mr. Carker.' (I bowed my prettiest). 'He has most generously responded, ladies, to a request of mine; your tardy wages will be paid to-night.'

"Oh yes, if Goosey had led off I'd have followed suit, sure, they all looked so deuced handsome upon hearing that the strike was off.

"As to 'Old Steeds' the livery stable proprietor, his mouth was opened to the dimensions of a horse collar when it was time for *his* laugh to come in, though at the first sight of me he grabbed a buggy whip and handled it as if he meant to do something with it to me that had no laugh to it.

"My last benevolent visit was upon Cheroots, my cigar man. He also had shut down on my trade and worked a cheap trick on me in the bargain. Believe me, boys, I went for him the toughest I knew how. The game he had worked on me was this. A few nights ago some young fellows

up my way dropped in on me for a social stag. I was not only badly strapped at the time, but out of everything in the treating line. I was forced to borrow a dollar from the janitor of the flat ; also his small boy. I says to the kid : 'These gentlemen here, I know, would like a smoke. Run over to Mose Cheroots and invest this dollar in clay pipes and tobacco.' That kid gets back in no time. He, I remember, had a monstrous grin on as he disappeared after executing his errand. He keeps well out of my sight now, and he knows why. Wouldn't it make any one of you fighting mad, when under the eyes of your waiting guests you show up for your bottom dollar's investment *ninety-nine clay pipes and only one cent's worth of smoking stuff?* That's how old Cheroots played it on me, and the chaps of the surprise party jollied me unmercifully.

"With the memory of this joke to back up my revenge I soon had Moses just wild. I looked slowly over his account, figured long on every calculation, disputed vehemently every charge. I

took out my cash, counted it and recounted it. And I says loudly to myself, 'I don't see, Sam, how you can, with more pressing bills to settle, pay Mose even a dollar on account, no, you can't do even that.' And back into my pocket goes the greenbacks which Mose, looking over my shoulder, had counted to a dollar. I hauls on my kids, taking plenty of time too. Then I moves slowly for the door. I halts there with the door knob in hand. 'Mose,' says I, 'I do want to let you have something on that bill of mine, but as I have said, more pressing ones will swamp what capital my wallet now holds. Under these circumstances I can but offer you a *note* of mine.'

"'I won't take your tam note,' he roared, 'vor it vill be no good to me, even for a cigarette baber. I'll shall tell you joost this, Meester Samuels, ven you gits me to drust you ever again den I vill shoots myself. You know I tells you often dot I don't do peezness dot vay. You are a rasgol, now I see; so I goes to law apout dot pill. Yes, so sure as my name is Moses, I sends a warrant with

a gunstable to it to-morrow, an he most get vor me back dose exbensive Turkish bibes vot you hang on your vall in your smokin' room. I know now, young shap, vot I long suspects, dot you blay de races and dot I vos told you bay out monies vor a fast horse vot should go to a starvin' pootmaker.'

"'Hold on, Mose, no more of that starving bootmaker business, if you please,' and I let him have a good look at little Brogan's receipted bill, also a half dozen others. He was convinced now that I was out loaded with scrip to settle with preferred creditors at one hundred cents to the dollar. He at once took a big drop. He got up a smile, rubbed the knuckles of one hand with the fingers of the other. He took off his specs, and that he might be sure I had not forged the pile of receipted bills, he examined each one with a magnifying glass. When he had finished he was almost in hysterics with astonishment. 'My dear Mr. Samuels,' he asked in a trembling voice, 'have you any goot reason vor not making me one of dose habby braferred greditors ?'

"'Yes, Moses,' says I, 'ninety-nine clay pipes and a pinch of smoking stuff are quite good reasons enough, I'm thinking. You are a droll old gentleman, Moses.'

"'Vell dot was a joke dot I should not haf allowed. Von of your poating vriends, Mr. Samuel, dot dry shap, Meester Viggins, vos here de night of your barty. He know dot small poy you sent and he says to dot youngster, "So, Sammy can give barties but forgets his own dear vrends. I vill let him know I am highly offended." So dot varm vrend of yours, Meester Samuels, tells dot poy vot to git vid your tollar. So you see I vos not so much to blame and vill make all right at vonce. Shall it pe a vine Henry Clay? Take your choice of any prand in my store, Meester Samuels.'

"After Moses had given me the name of the author of that hoax I was not long in proving to him that he ought to take my note without a kick, especially as it was a U. S. note. Moses got unseemingly gay for one of his years. He frolicked

and skipped all over the little shop, and it would not have astonished me had he attempted a waltz with the broken-nosed wooden Indian Maid standing outside. Boys, my debts are now all paid, but one. Wiggy, old man, I owe you an inning. Keep a sharp eye, for I am impatient for a settlement."

It is sad to record that the very next tip on a dead sure stock speculation whispered in Mr. Carker's greedy ear swamped the little left of the profits of the first, and to make good the margin Sammy's broker has an injunction upon most of Mr. Carker's maturing dividend. The little coxswain has delayed his revenge upon joker Wiggy. A very recent loan from that jocose gentleman to Mr. C. is what causes the little coxswain to procrastinate.

Mr. Wiggins is authority for saying that a Freshman in his college days worked the same joke off upon a Senior; therefore he has no claims as having originated it.

THE HARD LINES THAT FELL TO A SWELL.

BILLY BARTON was a popular member of a swell club. The house service from the grizzly steward down to the mulatto youth in a page's uniform who answered the door-bell, bustled to serve the popular member with an activity and zeal only second to the attention given to the Club's President. The virtues and attractions possessed by young Barton are best shown by the words of his shadow, Mr. Samuel Carker. "Like Billy? Well, I should say so, and why? 'cause the youngster is so eternally good-natured and considers it his religion to place every body's comfort before his own. Now, if I haven't said enough I'll jes' tack on, that he has a bloomin' knack of saying and doing, too, the right thing in the right place. Yes, Billy is a peach."

Very few in these prosaic days would reject as a

longed-for epitaph words such as these, even if chiseled on a head-stone in the very patter of many youths of our day when in close fellowship of their tribe.

It was startling news to the club to learn how in one short day the death of Barton's father had left him a penniless orphan. Investigation showed that the great factory owner had sunk the last dollar of a large fortune, rather than throw an army of workmen during protracted and very hard times, out of employment.

Billy promptly sent in his resignation and insisted upon its acceptance by the Club. At the same time his shadow, Mr. Samuel Carker, ceased to haunt with his chirping presence and brilliant clothes his more than second home, the Club's Café. When after a long absence Mr. Sammy did appear, the excuse he gave convinced his chums that there was another side to his character that they had failed to notice. The little dude had been devoting his nights to consoling Billy by patient games of chess, or brightened at intervals

with cheery songs, in place of the inevitable beer, the hard lines of his idol.

"Our old chum," piped the dapper club man, as he backed to the grand fire-place and made an inverted V of his short legs, "has taken a terrible tumble from a swell's point of view. What dear old Bill has pulled through up to date, to picture, as it should be, needs an A No. 1. parson chinner. A stammering spieler, as I am, cannot do the story justice, and believe me, lads, I'm not going to give you any fairy tale, only the cold truth. Billy's pride is up and he won't handle a dollar of the heavy purse we all chipped in on. No, not as a loan, even. But don't forget, he had watery eyes when he penned his thanks. Brother Billy, Boys, has set for himself the hard lines he is working along. His dead governor, in early life, was as plain a workman as was ever turned out and it pleased him to death to chin over it. At a swell dinner that Billy gave just before his father's death, the old gent, when the coffee came on, showed positive signs of trottin' out one of his

pick-and-shovel-day stories, but his son succeeded in choking him off.

"Billy says he remembers with a heartache the feeble protest made by the honest old democrat. 'Sammy,' he says, 'my idea of the only road for me to take now to down my remorse is the rough one dear old pop, at my age, journeyed.' Boys, you may safely bank upon the fact that he did, without a solitary whimper, just what he said he would do, and that's old man Billy, every time. Now I'll proceed to give you a few points, from his first round-up to to-night, and if you don't say he is entitled to the belt then I'm a chump.

"At the sale of all his and the governor's personals, Billy says to me, 'Sammy, the next thing on the catalogue is pop's old saddle horse. When I was a boy, after father had his ride I always rode Dick to the stables. Now, I'm very near cleaned out in buying in the old furniture my parents started housekeeping on. If what's left me don't cover the bid on old Brown Dick I shall ask you to help me out. You may wonder, Sam,

what I shall do with an aged horse and a lot of old sticks. There is a worthy old lady, the wife of a grocery man, who was my nurse and our former housekeeper. She shall have the furniture and she will see, you bet, that no light-headed grocer's boy thrashes the life out of Brown Dick in these, his last days.'

"Boys, that was the one occasion that Billy weakened a bit in his set determination not to accept a loan. Mr. Billy Barton's present address is that same humble corner grocery. I'm wasting words to say that Old Brown Dick has a quiet life and that the worthy couple who run that humble shop are dead stuck on their star boarder. Aunt Susan, as he calls the groceryman's lady, has selected from the choice chromos donated by the trade all the many pictures in Bill's room. Boys, you know our board of nabobs trusted the selection of the Club's pictures almost exclusively to Barton. Imagine this acknowledged art connoisseur sleeping peacefully where from white-washed walls look down upon him white-capped cooks turning

the brown buckwheat or slicing the picturesque strawberry short-cake.

"Having found lodgings, 'though ever so humble,' as the old song has it, Billy tackles the conundrum: 'What shall I turn to that I may earn my daily hash. I started out this morning,' says he in making his first daily report to me over the smoke of our clay pipes, 'loaded up to the collar button with hope and enthusiasm. Swells fresh in the business, Sammy, carry a big load of these two bracers. Now see how quick the evaporation was. In chasing up "wants," for clerks, the best game the newspapers offered me, I found I was one of a big mob. They were all nervously anxious and judging by their clean but seedy clothing, all hard up. I soon retired from the crowd, not having the heart to compete with them.'

"Another night brought him home pretty nigh exhausted. He had invested his last dollar in advertising; his only return was a cheeky proposition from an inventor who wanted some one to test a

patent trolley-car fender. This noble philanthropist had a five-dollar bill to donate to the party who would lie down before a big passenger car under a full head of motor-power and take the chances of being scooped up alive. The way Billy dealed out this generous offer, made me feel half-certain that the youngster had serious thoughts of making a dummy of himself for the sake of collaring the donation. He has also taken a shy at the possibilities of getting stamps in the Industrial Insurance line. The only branch open to him was workin' house-servants on the twenty-five-cent-a-week racket. The youngster, upon his first trial, was so fresh to the business as to ring a front-door gong instead of kicking in a panel at the servants' entrance. The tongue lashings poor Bill was treated to, caused him to shake that job speedily. Believe me, boys, though I am a little too tough in reputation to be suspected of harboring anything like sentiment, yet I think I must have felt something in that line, when Billy, one evening after a long smoke and deuced few words, suddenly

startled me with: 'Sammy, you have been good to me all along, but we must part after to-night. Your high-toned raising surely couldn't be equal to the strain of having a chum who dresses as I shall to-morrow. My London made togs, Sammy, are too gay for the business. Before I sleep to-night, with candle-grease drippings on them and with sweeping the floor with them, I think they will do, and that I'll not be recognized as a busted swell out of a job. There is an idea of much prevalence in this big manufacturing city, that a well-dressed dude is only good for soft snaps. Dressed as I shall be to-morrow, if by accident I should meet Miss—you know who, Sammy—even *she* would not know me, I'm sure. My short experience, Sam, tells me this; a chap in a high hat and pointed yellow shoes seeking work, is much heavier handicapped than a ragged tough. I have been all wrong, Sammy, from the first. I should have commenced with the shirt sleeves, lad, father's first working uniform.'

"'Billy,' says I, 'if I find you to-morrow night

sooty as a chimney sweep, blessed if I don't invest in overalls and play the game with you. No, my boy, I ain't to be shook on any funny business such as that.'

"'We'll see,' says Billy, with that heavenly twin smile of his.

"I had to go out of town for the month following. When I returned, I chose for my morning's constitutional, a walk up Billy's way. As I pegged on, a cart, drawn by an old horse passed up the street, loaded with groceries. The driver wore a long, blue-check apron. His coat was making his seat comfortable. His hat was a holy terror. That driver, boys, was Billy, sure enough. 'Now,' says I, 'Samuel Carker, Esq., here's your opportunity to test if your friendship is equal to claiming in public, on this swell, residential street, an acquaintance with that guy on the grocery cart!' Gentlemen, I had on my high hat just from a hatter's, my new walking coat that was built on the latest Prince of Wales' lines, my kids of delicate lilac, and trousers the latest realization of a swell

tailor's dreams. Nevertheless, I took to the middle of the asphalt and sprinted, overtook the cart, hoisted myself clear of the tail-board, and landed upon my knees in a dozen of eggs and several pounds of lard. Oh, yes, boys, I froze to a seat beside him in spite of his earnest protest and a smiling threat to send me flying at the first sharp corner. I told Billy it was Bible truth, that sitting there beside him I felt as proud as if I was doing a coaching parade in company with a famous New York whip. 'Rats!' was what he fired back, though he gave me, as he said it, a good squeeze with his left arm. Boys, it's my firm intention to have Billy photographed in that long, blue check apron, aside of me in my swellest suit. Yes, if I have to club him into a photograph gallery.

"In our chase around that aristocratic district for orders, and to dump what was in the cart, I saw the Pride of the Club, lads, tote a box of beer and a head of lettuce into the very house where, one short year ago, he led in its elegant drawing-room, the swellest German of the season. How

does that picture strike you, gentlemen? A king out of business peddling clams ain't nowhere beside it, to my thinking.

"When he returns to the grocery he makes no bones, if it's a Friday, of opening oysters and clams at a fish-stand outside. His dexterity at this new job caused me to ask where in thunder he learned the knack of opening, so infernally easy, the tight-mouthed shells,—'At some night-school run by a professional oyster-dealer, I suppose?'

"'Oh, no, Sammy,' he answered, 'experience at stag chafing-dish parties was all I started in on, and between you and me, Sam, it's about the only available lesson high life taught me. This is a new branch to the business, and I suggested it; it's paying well, too. By-the-by, how did the effect of the show window strike you, Sam? That's another of my suggestions. I tell you, Sammy, I am getting kind of proud of the slow but steady increase to the business my ideas and efforts are bringing in. The boss is now ailing, so the business is left pretty much to me. I have my eye upon the shop

next door, for we want more room. Aunt Sue thinks so, too.'

"Just think of it, boys, the Pride of the Club tumbles out of his bunk about the time most of us turn in. These hours before daybreak get Billy the pick of the market. In spite of his tough lines the Pride of the Club is looking, I am pleased to say, provokingly healthy. Business on that corner is booming, and I'll put up heavy stakes with any one of you sports that before a year rolls by you'll see a big first-class establishment boomed from that one-horse affair Billy is clerking for; furthermore, stamps up that the new sign will be 'William Barton and Co.' To-day the little shop shows much improvement in stock, customers and show window. Billy

lays himself out on that show window, and the old crippled proprietor, his dear old lady, and myself stood before it a full half hour one day taking in the wonderful show Billy's artistic feelings had created with a few cranberries, dried fruit, lemons, fresh eggs, celery and lots of other commodities. Give us a fresh smoke. Thanks.

"Boys, has any one of us—if cleaned out to a penny and nothing bankable expected or hoped for from any point of the compass—has any one of us, I say, the sand in him to tackle with an ever smiling face his rough fate as this dear boy of ours has done? Ain't he a dandy though! I'll confess that I have fancied myself in his place at the start and pictured what I might have done. Boys, I fear that my first step would have been to stick to my Club till my big overdues would force the House Committee to fire me. When they were ready to bounce me I'd have struck you all, right and left, for small loans. Great Scott! How I would have loaded up at the steward's free feeds while my membership lasted. I'd have possibly

raffled off my big stock of German favors, and on swell party nights perhaps you'd find me with a livery coat and corked face driving my trotter to a cab and fighting for a double fare with all the enjoyment of an Irish hackman."

It was told at the Club some weeks later that a very stylish close carriage had been seen halted before Mr. Sammy's flat, and that that young gentleman, when summoned by a footman, had had a long interview at the carriage door with its veiled occupant. When finally the carriage drove away the gossip says 'Mr. Sammy holding his hat in one hand used the other to wave imaginary kisses in the direction of the fast disappearing vehicle.' When the dapper coxswain upon his next appearance at the Club was taxed for an explanation of his pantomimic gallantry in the broad light of day, his characteristic reply was: "I could'nt restrain myself. Dear old Billy's sweetheart, God bless her, is loyal to him in spite of her kicking aristocratic relatives. Yes, the daisy in the coach was indeed his best girl. Some good-

natured idiot has given me dead away as to what I told you all of Bill's fight for an honest living. Believe me the Daisy put her tiny little gloved hand in my tough oar-blistered paw and warbled: 'How I would have liked unseen to have overheard your graphic story of poor Billy's brave struggles. How kind of you! and I thank you fervently for devoting your evenings to cheering the poor boy. We wondered what had become of you. We have all missed you very much.' As soon as she could master her voice she told me a very happy message to carry to Billy. Some how everything lovely is traveling Billy's way, now he's getting on his pins again. But I ain't jealous, no indeed."

MR. CARKER AS BEST MAN.

YES, I bossed this wedding, from the church altar down to the "good-bye business." It went off first-class except one bad break at the opening of the programme, and that was no fault of mine. What I refer to happened this way: The groom, when he came to the last touch in his make-up for the important part he was to perform, gave a sudden yell.

"Hello!" says I, "Feel as if you want to back out? Too late, too late, old man."

Again the yell: "The ring! the ring! what the deuce have I done with it?"

"That's a very important part of the business, Billy," I reply. "You are fresh at this work and you will ball it all up unless you brace up at once; come now, put on your thinking cap, old man, for there is no time to lose. As you say you have

fished in all your pockets, perhaps you were fooling with it in the carriage and lost it there? How does that idea strike you, Billy?"

"It's here! it's here! in this room somewhere; for I had it only a second ago."

Just as the distressed groom said these words, in at the vestry-door popped the head of Wiggy Wiggins, the head-usher. Wiggy yells, almost loud enough to be heard at the front pews of the crowded church: "Trot out your boy, Sammy, his daisy's carriage is at the door."

I jumped for Wiggy and hurriedly told him to hold back the procession the best he knew how.

Taking Billy, the groom, at his word that the ring was on his person somewhere, again and again were his vest and trouser pockets turned inside out. No ring there, certainly. The perplexity of his situation brought mad tears to the groom's eyes. This weeping business brought out his nose-wipe. Then, happily, it was explained. The careful duffer had tied the precious gold band in one corner of his handkerchief. I immediately sent

word to Wiggy to have the wedding march let loose and the waiting bride handed out of the carriage. Next I heard the rustle of the excited congregation as they rose to get all the view of the bride that a standing position would allow.

But the nervous groom was no sooner out of his first bad fix than he stumbled quickly into a fresh one. In fumbling to untie the knot in which he had secured it, pop, goes the ring; but in what direction? That was the sudden conundrum given us. Down upon our knees, dropped parson, assistant, groom and myself. In the excited hunt, we banged heads, and were tangled with flowing surplices. As our party in the little vestry room were cantering about in this manner, in again skips the puzzled head-usher with: "The old man and daughter have halted under the gallery loft. What's up now? Leap frog, hey!"

Wiggy is a bright boy, and took in the new situation at once, but the bride's father, who is a little hard of hearing, didn't catch on to what the head-usher was up to; so Wiggy and his chum had to

move on ahead, but they got in a pile of slow marching in spite of the organ's time. Now there was a portière drawn across the entrance from the church to the vestry room. The bride and her father were about six pews off from the chancel-steps, when it flashed upon me that the troublesome ring might have rolled beneath this dividing curtain. I was right; there it lay before the low-

est step of the chancel. I seized a long pole used by the sexton in lighting the chandeliers. There was a wide space between the floor and the bottom

of the portière. Now it's a true fishing story I am giving you. I hauled in that ring, beneath the curtain, so deftly that the bride's father, to this hour, can't account for a mysterious rap his tender, old corns got as he released her arm at the chancel-steps.

Bless you, young man, as I have been best man to a dozen, at least, of my chums, I could spin out for your paper several breaks that would match even this one. Sometimes it's the dominie himself, who is to blame. If the parson is young and very near-sighted, he needs watching close, or he'll be likely to astonish the nearest bridesmaid by his earnestness to have her "love and obey until death, etc.," the very man her dear friend, the bride, is entitled to be hitched to.

"Think the show of presents up-stairs numerous and costly," you say? You are right, sonny; and I hope you have the names of the givers all spelled right; for there are some swell names that will look well in your paper. Left out none, I hope? What! didn't see my gift among 'em? But it is

there, and you have overlooked it. I ain't blaming you, young fellah. A small pill-box has but a slight show of being taken for a present, among French clocks and silverware, yet any pill in that box will do the bride quite as much good as, at least, an overdose of French clocks. I see you are not a little puzzled at my notion of a new departure in the wedding present line? Before you leave, you go back to the room, upon the lid of the pill-box you will read: "Dr. Bestman's prescription, to be taken as required." My pills are bright, new half-eagles. Do you think the healthiest bride in any borough of the U. S. would say that she doesn't need a tonic such as Dr. Bestman's; say after an expensive shopping-tour? Scarcely! Another beautiful effect of these golden pills is that they are sure cure for the surfeit brought on by too many presents identically alike. A bride with one or more of my golden pills is made happy over the thought that what she would like is left entirely to her own choice. Much experience as "best-man" has led to this sure cure of the perplexity so many

young married folks encounter from the ideas of gift-bestowing friends running in one channel. As you must have noticed there is in the great display up-stairs, five pickle-forks. These represent the deep affection of five widely-dispersed relatives. Ten other households have marked this happy day for the bride, by ten costly French clocks; twelve single gentlemen have expressed their remembrances, by expressing to this house twelve fish-knives.

The couple hitched to-day are to live, at present, in a small flat, as their financial resources are not princely, so they will be brought in very close contact with those twelve ticking French clocks. Even with one in the cook's bedroom, another in her kitchen, and one for each other department, including bathroom, and yet a clock or two remains unprovided for, unless they are piled up, one over another, in a lumber-room. Whew! what a job these twelve gentlemen have imposed upon the young groom when Sunday winding time is due. Would his parson, think you, believe his story of

how he happens to come in late every Sabbath morning? And new acquaintances will certainly suspect him to be a clock-maker in liquidation and much of his stock to be disposed of.

With their moderate means how can this couple have full use of those twelve silver fish-knives? Even in Lent I don't believe that the wealthiest Cardinal at Rome has a dinner of twelve courses of sea-food. Don't it strike you now, young fellah, that my pill-box present, if universally used, would knock the stuffing out of Wedding Present Exchange business? Yes, you have Doctor Bestman's consent to advertise his cure, and a bully illustration it would make, say a picture representing my friend, Billy the groom, taking off his coat to tackle his Sunday morning job with the twelve French tickers; or a sketch of the bride dodging under her parasol to avoid a shower of descending fish-knives and pickle-forks!

"Arrived, you say, too late to take down the speeches at the wedding breakfast?" That's bad for me. Had you been there you would have seen

another instance of where a professional Best-man is of good service. Every guest upon these occasions is right jolly until the father of the bride gets up to toast the favorite daughter he is about to lose. But the old lady invariably holds out bravely; but poor pop! He may have been a rough fighter in his day and never blanched when facing almost certain death, but he ain't equal to the task of calmly wording his farewell to the light of the household. And who doesn't like him the better for this show of softening emotion?

"Where do I come in," you ask, "when sentiment gets the best of a brave man?"

In helping him out, sonny. If I ever tax myself to say a good thing, it's when on an occurrence like this I can decently ring in. So I take up the job where the noble old trump's voice gets muffled, and the surroundings are becoming more like a funeral than a happy wedding. I seldom fail to lead the mourners back to uproarious jollity, for you know, sonny, laughter and tears don't dwell very far apart.

"Have I a type-written copy of my speech?" Look here, young man, you ain't no kid reporter, that little give away of yours as to humorous speakers tells me that—well, to be honest, I do take some trouble to fix up before-hand some ideas; the toast, certainly, and a few points to hang a joke or two on.

"Be contented with the toast," hey? Well, I'll repeat it: "Here's to the happy couple; may their voyage of Life be a long one, and the only squalls they encounter, come from the direction of the Nursery." Whew! what a whack, with her folded big fan, the bride's mother treated my shoulder to the moment I got that sentiment out of my mouth.

CONFESSION OF A PHOTOGRAPH CRANK.

I MUST, as my first confession, say that the term "crank," by its ambiguity gives one the widest kind of freedom as to answers, if it is poked at him as a sort of conundrum. It suits my fancy in this paper to suppose "crank" to be a quaint Americanism for a tireless rider of a hobby, and which title will be, if he gains no success, his sure epitaph. Had this title been in use in the days of Columbus, I am sure that the old sea-captains would have used it freely, as they sneered at his three little ships sinking beneath the western horizon, and have said, "There sails the most blooming crank that ever put to sea!" If they did say so then, it is also reasonable, that when Mr. C. returned with his pockets crammed with virgin gold, an Indian princess on one arm and a box of Henry Clays under the other, these generous tars were

impatient to paint old Lisbon red in honor of his success, The photographic crank, if he starts with the tripod for his first obstacle to conquer, is sure to find this three-legged gent subject to fits of intoxication, or shamming to be so. How he behaved himself when he and I were introduced was in keeping with Mr. T.'s bad reputation among amateurs. I had no sooner saddled him with my new and expensive camera, than his foreleg made a half-circle movement. the other two following his example. Then he suddenly humped himself and shot his load into a clump of briery bushes, and with one quick, dying kick was off his legs entirely. This undignified performance in the high-kicking line upon investigation proved that the three-legged gent's society had been contemptuously spurned by a very sober land turtle. The indignant turtle could not see the fun of having his roof mistaken for a mossy stone, and he moved himself and his home promptly, and the staggering tripod in trying to follow Mr. Turtle suffered the usual punishment of maudlin parties who go about on uncertain legs.

When I had Mr. Tripod on his pegs again, that he might have a chance of redeeming his character, he certainly looked as if he did mean to reform. I believed him, or I would not have said, "There will be no more of your funny business, this trip, Mr. Three-shanks!" Alas! I had carried my confidence in the dissipated wretch too far. The next second, I, myself was prostrated. The disreputable Three-shanks had resented a walk-over; he was not so drunk, it seems, as to calmly allow the using of his rear leg as a pathway for any amateur to travel up, even if a hasty focus was needed. As picking briers out of my face might be the means of my losing a snapshot or two at a near-by cow, I ran with my camera to the nearest fence, and was by this movement rendered independent of the vagaries of Mr. Three-shanks. This, my first out-door picture, I blush to confess, developed the likeness of a heifer that seemed perfectly content with the grazing its own backbone afforded. Two rapid impressions upon the same plate, with but a

slight change of focus, is the sure receipt for a similar bovine mixture.

It is universally conceded by survivors, that in the early stages of the amateur's fever the patient is wholly insane. A reckless waste of films is the form the disease first takes. When it was understood in my immediate neighborhood that I was snapping at everything in sight, right and left, and free of charge, my friends fairly mobbed me. When every one had had a sitting, and my insane cry was for more subjects, I was answered by all the pet dogs in the vicinity. Many of these household pets visited my studio in costume. In the procession were seen pugs choking over the tight strings of frilled night-caps; St. Bernards panting in blizzard ulsters; greyhounds scratching vainly at the buttons of their tight knee-breeches, and bright-eyed terriers blinded by spectacles and monocles. There were several spirited dog-fights during the waiting for turns. It was sometimes wearisome work to pose the curs, and harder yet to keep them posed. A fox-terrier, for instance, had

calmly accepted, after many cuffs, the situation of a sleeping babe, but at the first flap of the artist's focusing cloth, he flashed from his cradle as if his nurse had whispered the magic word. "Rats!" After a terrier or two had rivaled my art by a successfully executed picture of their teeth upon my person, I began to give evidence that the worst stage of my disease had been reached. In a week or so I had become strong enough to close my eyes to the rare temptation—a young pig in knickerbockers.

As my malady lessened from things terrestrial I sought to elevate my degraded camera. The craze to record lightning was certainly a more heavenly aspiration. The results were, for a long spell, only thunder-storm duckings and attendant bad colds. When victory at last reached me its price was not altogether a bargain, and has a story attached to it.

I was a summer boarder at a New Jersey mountain resort. One night as I looked from my bedroom window, the little valley in front of the

house was echoing occasional thunder peals. I had done much tramping with my camera during the closing day and I needed a bed sadly. But the temptation to tackle Jersey lightning, straight, or crooked, was too powerful. A few hours after I had determined to sacrifice my needed repose to the claims of art, the upper halls of that peaceful hotel were echoing the cry of "Thieves!" All the boarders were quickly wide awake, and very much so was a big watch-dog. This animal was raving from the miserable success that attended his many attempts to leap upon an upper story porch-roof. Old gents with suspenders dangling at their stocking heels, and white frilled females of all ages, stood shouting and trembling at half-open doors. The words of the chorus were these: "Police!" "Porter!" "Shoot him!" "Please don't shoot him!" "Whose diamonds are gone!" "Let in the dog, Porter!" "Don't you do it, Porter!" As for the young men of the house, they slid down the stair rails like firemen, and all determined to locate (it was a temperance house) the headquar-

ters of the trouble in the immediate vicinity of a box of bottled beer. There these merry gentlemen, finding they were in no danger of being interfered with by the supposed house-breakers or the panic-stricken guests, celebrated the fact by putting the beer where thieves would not molest, closing the ceremonies with a noisy cane-rush in the hotel office. The creaking of a tin roof and a ghost with a camera upon an upper porch had set the dog barking, the men shouting, the women screaming and the young men beer hunting. The storm outside set in fiercely before the storm inside had subsided, so this ghostly camera crank had to take a protracted ducking or give reasons before a multitude of witnesses for the big bundle,

wrapped in a bed-quilt he had under his arm. He chose the dry side of the problem.

At the breakfast-table next morning every boarder was merry, save a crusty old Judge, who had a rheumatic souvenir of the night's dramatic performance, having done much skipping in his stocking feet in drafty places. This old Judge had a rod in sharp pickle for the camera crank, and that gentlemen was sure to have a lashing from it before he was much older.

I suppose that words are wasted when I confess that it was upon my shoulders the crusty old legal gent was itching to exercise his rod. The day was a very wet one. A prize was offered for the best suggestion as to a mutual entertainment. The old Judge with an eye to his plans for my discomfort, suggested a moot court, and volunteered, without being pressed, to occupy the judgment bench. He got the prize. Then the conundrum came: "Whom shall we try?"

I was busy up in my own room mounting some photographs for a lady amateur, one of the board-

ers, whom I was desirous of pleasing. She was a bright and pretty specimen of a Vassar graduate. I was unaware that a conspiracy in the parlor down stairs, guided by the rheumatic Judge was working to make a victim of myself. The newly-appointed sheriff, his warrant in hand, soon had me in court. There I was tried for a breach of the peace. With a box of caramels for a retainer, I secured the stunning, good-looking Vassar girl for my counsel. With an Oxford cap and a black silk dress, she made a most lovely Portia; my album will show that. A red-nosed law student, as Prosecuting Attorney, did my case at first much harm. The witnesses he called were mostly the youths who knew all about the mysterious disappearance of the private stock of beer, and he and they did their best to prove the inspiration of my midnight quest to be beer, and not Jersey lightning.

The savage old judge suddenly became furiously interested, when it came to his knowledge that his private stock of beer had been looted.

"Hey! God bless me; intoxicated was he? and on my beer, too!" he growled in an undertone, and for me another and a stouter rod was consigned to the old gent's pickle-brine. Thanks to my daisy lawyer she got in an alibi, and the beer confiscators looked rather sheepish over the miscarriage of their sneaking trick. When she arose to address the jury, she beamed upon them with a face full of killing smiles; when she came to tackle her closing appeal her elegant, lace-edged handkerchief and her flashlight diamond ring had lots of work to do.

"Statistics, gentlemen of the jury," she declared, "show that this quiet and select hotel can boast of only one male dancing partner to twenty of the other sex. An unfavorable verdict, gentlemen of the jury, will mean banishment to my honorable, sensitive client. In the name of the greatly predominant fair sex, I implore you, gentlemen of the jury, to spare them such a harrowing bereavement. Oh, no, gentlemen of the jury, we have not, to use a classic phrase, 'young men to burn.' Alas! if

my persuasive words should fall on unsympathetic ears, I shall recommend to the mercy of the court this, my most agreeable of dancing partners." (Foreman of the jury casts a murderous look upon me.) "Oh, most noble judge! If not presumptuous upon the part of the defendant's *admiring* counsel" (foreman shakes his fist at me), "the penalty of my client's indiscretion merits, in my humble opinion, but a slight caution to habiliment himself, in the future, in gum-shoes when promenading creaking tins at the still hour of midnight in search of phenomenal pictures."

What else but a shouting verdict of "Not Guilty!" might have been expected after hearing such a touching appeal, and beholding so much loveliness backing it? Alas! The foreman of that jury was engaged to my charming Portia. Those words of hers: "His admiring counsel" did the business for me. The foreman, in jealous anger, tampered with the jury. Perfecto cigars all around was the price of their perfidy. It was an early lesson to Miss P. never again to spout so feelingly of

any man, save him whose ring she wore. Time was up, the mad lover thought, when his best girl must quit such talk, even in a legal way. The caramel retainer, also, troubled this jealous foreman, for all through the weary trial, my candies were very sustaining to my hard-worked counsel; yet not one was bestowed upon anyone in the jury-box.

Now I come to where the old Judge was lying in wait for me. His intentions were to preface my sentence with withering words of contempt as to my well-loved hobby.

"Justice," he intimated, "has been on an unsuccessful still-hunt for the Kodak Fiend, but has come up with him at last." Here the old judge cracked his bony knuckles to demonstrate his good luck in being the successful hunter. Now, upon the marble-top table at his side, was a photograph album upon which the jury had been sworn. Three pictures had caught his eye while waiting for the jury. With these for a text, he opened his big mouth and roared as if he were in a big court-room

and the worst kind of criminal stood cowed before him. "Sir!" he thundered, "what punishment is too severe for one, who, armed with the stealthy camera, steals with silent steps behind the sheltering blackberry bush, and from that cowardly ambush snaps his noiseless weapon at a pair of blushing lovers plighting, sir, upon a sequestered park seat, their sacred troth! And who, sir, but one insensible to the screaming voice of propriety, selects for his victim a modern Venus as she comes rosy and sparkling from the sea, arm in arm with her dear but damp Apollo, in gorgeous but classic tights? And here I find, sir, another sacrifice to your insatiable passion for unhallowed snapshots. The sex of the victim, if you were a compassionate gentleman, should have turned the eye of your camera, sir, in quite another direction. But, sir, you had no mercy and spared not. For a frivolous world to gaze at, you held up this sweet young lady bicylist taking a header! And upon another page, sir ——'

The Judge's break was caused by a few lines

hastily scribbled by my fair counsel, and passed to him by an officer of the court. The contents of that brief note confused the old lawyer, and his lecture ended. Miss Lawyer Portia's communication was this. "Every picture in your hand I took myself!"

The following day was a rare one for photographing, and I worked out my sentence with pleasure. I was not to be freed from the sheriff's care until I had made a successful picture of the fair ladies of the hotel, grouped upon a side stoop. Luck was with me. A village artist developed the plate and mounted as many pictures as I would pay for. I bestowed one of these on every guest, but the Judge. But my picture was, intentionally, slightly out of focus. By this defect I got in a little revenge on the old lawyer. Just above the center of the picture in the background is an open window. With a ghostly mask of lather, his big nose grasped by forefinger and thumb, his huge mouth open as wide as it will go—behold the venerable legal gent taking an absorbing shave!

When I returned from my long vacation, I made a slide from my historic lightning plate. Its merit got me into a famous Camera Club. What cared I then for the terrible indictment of the rheumatic old Judge! Success at last! Who is the crank now?

Later I was surprised one day by a visit of my landlady to my studio. She was entertaining no longer views highly discouraging to enthusiastic amateurs in my line of art. Yes; up to this time, I had considered her as my sworn enemy. Time and again had my trunk and myself been dangerously near being bounced from her premises. She had, I confess, some slight cause for her rampant hostility. Flashlight business had several times called the neighboring fire-horses to her house on a very lively trot. Her favorite Tabby had failed to survive a sampling of a plate-bath. Attic lodgers sent for Board of Health officers and the sickly odors complained of were positively located in the vicinity of my "dark room." She was not long in informing me that now she could trust me

to aid her in carrying out a scheme that had long haunted her brain.

Her scheme when told was as marvelous to me as her sudden conversion to a friendly spirit toward my hobby. She desired a large picture, and she proposed to call it "Our Family Thanksgiving Dinner." The guests' portraits were to be all copied from photographs (very old, most of them) in her possession. By pasting upon Bristol board a woodcut of a long well-loaded table I got my foreground. Rising above this table (all bereft of lower limbs) were the large family-party. My landlady pointed out where each guest should be placed, and there they stood as firm and flat as paste could hold them. The effect of the copy when finished was a rare Anachronistic picture indeed. The old father is about to say a blessing that all his three wives can hear, for having been a foreign missionary he died an oft-married man. As his last wife survives him she was considered entitled to the place nearest his heart. Of an aunt deceased at a ripe old age, my landlady only

possessed a picture taken in very early childhood. Consequently, in a high chair and holding a doll, this infant has a place beside her white-bearded husband. After contributing her own likeness my landlady stumbled upon an old photograph of herself when a baby carried in the arms of a black nurse. The group was rather crowded for comfortable knife-and-fork work, so to add this very late comer, the waist of the black nurse supporting the babe was trimmed and neatly fitted to the backcomb of the head of my hostess. This lady was highly satisfied with this last arrangement. And so she should be, for how few women may hope to sit down to turkey and cranberry-sauce, at fifty, and yet have her own bald-headed self at six months dangerously near grabbing off the wig that covers the same head a half century later? Perhaps Charles Lamb might have been pleased with such a pat illustration to that "Other Self" he fondly loved.

I will here end my confessions by saying, that owing to this whim of my landlady's I had got in

debt for a large camera, but, as an off-set, "The Thanksgiving Dinner" fed and lodged me for one consecutive month.

DID HE GET HER NEGATIVE?

ACTIVE members of our Camera Club have the privilege of inviting a friend to its monthly exhibit of slides. My guest, on one of these occasions, was a boarding-house chum. The morning following, at the breakfast table, my friend, though sadly ignorant of the fine points in photographic slides, said many nice things about a few of my own creation that had passed through the Club's lantern. His remarks were the cause of several of our lady boarders cxpressing the hope that an opportunity might offer by which they might judge for themselves of the merit of my work.

One of the young ladies who urgently joined in the request, had, up to a very late date, accompanied me upon several jolly rambles in the country, in search of rustic subjects, and for whom I held much unspoken admiration. Her desire

alone would have overcome every objection I might have made. More to gratify Miss Clara Marlow than even the hungry vanity of an amateur, a night was selected for the exhibition, and the Club's lantern secured for the occasion.

Miss Marlow was our landlady's niece. She came from a small town in one of the Western States, intending to perfect herself in art as a means for a livelihood, and her later studies showed that she had made no mistake in her selection of a profession.

But alas, for me! this beautiful girl, during the past summer, while spending a long vacation sketching in the lovely lake regions of Northern Jersey, became intimately acquainted with an ambitious young lawyer, who, to rest his overworked nerves, visited weekly the same vicinity, with his trout-rod. There was so much love of quiet fun in Miss Marlow's disposition that she and I never had a grave moment during our short companionship, or I might have long before spoken what lawyer John Sommerfield had already said, though

I suspect her answer might have been not near so pleasant as that she made to him. Happily, at the date of the Slide Show, the wound was seared and I had become almost indifferent enough to be slightly amiable if chance suddenly threw me into the society of the triumphant gentleman, who now, I well knew, possessed her entire heart. But it was indeed a rough job rigging out a smiling lie, when on a certain day this dainty little art student coyly imparted to me her engagement, adding, "John wants to become acquainted with you. He says that one who showed so much brotherly interest in my studies, must be the right sort of fellow to know. Oh, I know you will like him, he is such a dear old boy."

Odd, as it seems, up to the very night of my show, not one of Miss Marlow's fellow-boarders had had a close view of her lover. Courtship to be carried on in a flourishing boarding-house, as the world knows, requires a brave couple indeed. Neither Miss Clara nor her young man cared to display their deep regard for each other in the face

of a colony, members of which were in evidence, more or less, and at all hours, in the big parlor or snug sitting-room.

Sommerfield's not over-robust health seemed to require a high elevation of his coat collar, and a decided pulling down of his big felt hat, when, as Miss Clara's escort, he came within the vicinity of their parting place—the lower step of her aunt's dwelling.

But upon the night of the show all longing curiosity was to be finally appeased, for Miss Clara had persuaded her lover to accept the invitation sent him. When his presence was assured, my little show, I found, was not to stand by itself. The young folks of the house had no difficulty in adding a dance to the programme. From the smoking-room came, later, a series of resolutions hinting that whereas the main feature of the show would certainly be Miss Clara's young man, therefore, be it resolved that "a committee of four, appointed by the Chair, provide at our mutual expense, music, refreshments, and flowers for the ladies; that we

may do the thing in good style as a small testimony upon our part of our deep admiration for the charming young lady whose sweet smiles at our five o'clock teas have caused lump-sugar to be quite superfluous."

Yet after all the exciting preparation the play was started without a Hamlet. But what scared like a ghost was certainly in it, or I would not have dared to trot out this mossy simile. The startling apparition happened thusly: I had reached my very last slide when a telegram from the young lawyer was received by Miss Clara. It read: "An invalid client has hastily demanded his will for alteration. I am selected to carry it to him. Don't let my leaving the city to-night delay your visit to my mother to-morrow. Will connect with your train at the Junction near the town in which she lives."

As I took up the slide from which this story is inspired, I had no sooner mentioned the locality of the scene when Miss Marlow, who was seated

very near the lantern, observed to me in undertones:

"Mrs. Sommerfield has a farm in that neighborhood. John often rode over from there, on his wheel, to the village I was boarding in last summer. He was forever praising its lovely glen; I shall probably see it myself, to-morrow, if time allows."

Now I am far from being a superstitious man, yet at these words of Miss Marlow I was immediately possessed with a haunting foreboding of the nearness of an unhappy sequel of some kind. Better for me had the glass in my trembling fingers broken at that instant into a hundred fragments. But that slide was my dearest pride. It had never been subjected to criticism, but a sure artistic instinct told me that few amateurs had created its match. My vanity over it was too powerful to be resisted. To down these dire forebodings I had momentarily felt, I struggled, but unsuccessfully, to inject into my lecture a few apologetic words of comic import.

"This slide," I began, "I shall nominate:

Did he get her negative? It is a tableaux in which a very interesting young couple, in the heart of a romantic dell, are acting the 'Old, old story' —the putting of the solemn conundrum and the momentous answer to it. A babbling brook happily kept me from overhearing a single word uttered.

"The morning after this picture was taken I breakfasted with an old friend of mine who lodged at a boarding-house some distance from my hotel. His invitation note was made the more persuasive by these words: 'I want you to see our dandy waitress. She is the daintiest little country beauty you could possibly have the fortune to snap at. She's a perfect lady too; though her hands are somewhat broadened by honest work, and it makes me rave that I can't persuade her to sit to me for a sketch. A few of these country girls about here put on the picturesque white cap and pinafore of a waitress just in a frolic to have a short summer acquaintance with city fashion and ways, and others to find a market for a farmer father's fresh eggs

and cream. It is pleasant to add that not one of their even well to-do neighbors think the less of them for this voluntary servitude. Nor can you imagine how tempting sounds the dry fishball and the prosaic hash when the morning's bill-of-fare containing them is warbled to you by a fresh voice full of music. Such our dandy waitress possesses.'

"My artist friend's rustic beauty," I continued, "is the heroine of my slide. The discovery of her very presence at that breakfast behind my chair startled me and interfered somewhat with the appetite I usually bring to my morning meal. Now, my friends, judge for yourselves if this is not indeed a picture of real earnest love-making."

It was the proudest moment in my life to hear the rattling applause which saluted the clear-cut, magnificent picture flashed upon the white screen, yet above the flattering racket I was distinctly conscious of one short, sharp cry of anguish—a woman's heart had been pierced with the swiftness of an arrow.

When the chandeliers were relit, Miss Clara

Marlow's seat was vacant. Her swift exit had passed unheeded save by myself, so eager were the young people to "on with the dance" and the elders to escape from the hot room to the locality of the cooling drinks and frosty ices.

I packed up unaided my show materials, but I did it mechanically, so overwhelming was my grief over the cruel wound the picture on my slide had caused the sweet girl, once so very dear to me.

When I came to the fatal slide I saw that the heat of the lantern had completely ruined it. I cast its fragments contemptuously beneath a wood-fire grate. In spite of the merry music and babel of happy voices floating in from the dancing room my reflections were but the more sombre. Yes, if she had not seen that slide the happiest one of that joyful party would have surely been the lighted-hearted bride-elect of my rival John Sommerfield. Yet my gloomy reverie was suddenly lighted by one fiendish hope, that gleamed up from the sparkling glass splinters beneath the fire-bars. It was: that it would be a very tough job,

indeed, for a far better lawyer than young Sommerfield was reputed to be, to prove an alibi.

The woman who should know him the best had looked upon him, pleading to the pretty farmer's daughter just as he had pleaded to her, and there was not a married lady in my audience after the first glance at the slide, but who agreed that he didn't get her negative. It pleased me to believe that that honest old sleuth, the sun, had recorded the scoundrelly scheme of young Sommerfield courting successfully two fair women in one short summer. And I, the sun's poor amateur assistant, had the weakness to smile over the thought that the bewitching Miss Marlow would now promptly demand her release from such a vile deceiver. I was suddenly checked in this my selfish reverie by the presence of a little gloved hand upon my coat sleeve ; and a firm voice said :

"Don't you think your pretty tableaux would furnish me with a nice study, to be made in water-colors ? A glimpse of the scene to-morrow will be very important to me in catching local color. I

have no doubt but that you have a mounted copy that I can take along with me?"

Was it possible that I heard Miss Clara speak to me these words with a calm voice and smiling lips? My poor stumbling hopes would have been utterly paralyzed had I not detected a faintly red glow on the flesh below her dark eye-lashes, which the powder-puff could not hide. Miss Marlow's peachy complexion had but one use for the aid of toilet cosmetics, that to hide the recent traces of hot jealous tears and their attendant friction.

"Indeed I have one, Miss Marlow," I answered, "and it would this very night have gone the way of the slide in yonder fire if you had not asked for it in time."

I hoped she would ask the strange reason of my being so ready to destroy the last trace of a picture that I doted on and which had won so much applause, but never a word spake she.

The next morning quite early she started for her very first visit to her future husband's relatives, carrying with her, in a sealed blue envelope the

mounted copy I had furnished her. I missed her at breakfast by coming down too late, but from overheard gossip of the ladies sipping their tea at the far end of the long table I found they were discussing Miss Marlow. They mutually agreed that "the dread of the prospect of being hugged and kissed by a future mother-in-law, a perfect stranger to her, had caused Miss Marlow to leave them not looking her very best, by any means."

That day was a public holiday. I had longed for its coming to go afield with my camera. I spent it in smoking an immense number of pipes and sulking to my heart's content. An afternoon nap was ever peopled with Miss Clara and her beau. He at one time shook a club over my head threatening to annihilate me for depriving him of his sweetheart by the work of my kodak; again I saw him in full war-paint haunting my favorite country walk, asking every farm lad if he had seen me pass?

When I unwillingly answered the late dinner-bell, at the table sat the returned Miss Marlow

looking, indeed, far happier than I had ever seen her. On returning to my room a servant brought from her the loaned picture. It had not been taken from its sealed envelope!

Later in the evening I came down from my attic room to take a forced walk. I was putting on my overcoat as the street door-bell rang. The servant opened the door and announced: "Mr. Sommerfield and brother; callers on Miss Marlow."

There was no further mystery to solve now. Never before, I veritably believe, had twins grown up to manhood so identically alike as John Sommerfield and his brother; and to add to the confusion they mutually agreed to dress the same. Lawyer Sommerfield had for the humor of the thing kept all knowledge of this ghost of himself from his intended wife.

"'You must put a tag on John, my dear,' said his mother to me," Miss Marlow said in detailing the old family joke imposed upon her, "'or some day we may see you throwing yourself into son Oscar's arms. That's the plan followed by the

pretty daughter of a farm neighbor of ours, to know which is *her* Mr. Sommerfield.' "

Oscar Sommerfield, it seems, from this intelligence, laughingly imparted to me by Miss Clara, didn't get *a negative* from his best girl, "the dandy waitress" of my artist friend.

I know not to this day if the now Mrs. John Sommerfield entertains the least suspicion that I know the cruel cost of the ancient joke her husband's humor subjected her to. To-day when tramping the country with a camera, at my heels always follows my fox-terrier with a bell around his neck. Its tinkle is loud enough to be heard by the most absent-minded of lovers within a wide circle. The belling of the dog has certainly worked in the interest of farm-owners, if not of sly Mr. Cupid. Small boys upon catching the notes of the approaching bell, I observe, come down from fruit-laden branches much quicker than they ascended.

A POLITICIAN'S BANK.

"A RUSTY safe, a leaky water-cooler and a two year old directory are about all the live assets I can see in sight after a careful search," was the receiver's report to the clamorous depositors of Boss Jawson's collapsed Bank.

Nowhere in the city were comments upon the late manager of the ruined institution so freely and hotly discussed as in a certain popular saloon much favored by the disgraced banker and his political captains. Boss Jawson's political party, after a long wait in the cold, had that year been warmly welcomed to power. The Boss worked his pull so well as to secure for his insecure bank a large part of the city, county and state funds, hitherto distributed in neighboring safe financial institutions. He had also well-milked the district in which his political headquarters were established.

This saloon's proprietor was an honest, thrifty Prussian, but very independent as to his political bias. He said, to show this: "I keeps peer vor bublicans and ther tother party, an' der middle of de road fellows too, if day hab bay vor it." When his duties behind his barricade of damp kegs allowed, Mr. Karl Bungstarter greatly enjoyed a verbal wrestle with a guest who could master his obscure English.

"Vell," he asked of such a customer, "vere you tink dat money out of de Boss's Bank all go to?"

"Where the woodbine twineth," quoted the guest.

"If you mean Vall Street, den dot is not exactly all my opinion. I guess dot de old schap don't get left in haven' nuttings himself out of all dot gash and surblus dot he an' his gashier swears to every times after his pank gits oxamined."

"Perhaps so, Karl, but have you heard that the old Boss's latest scheme didn't work?"

"By cracious! dot ole vellow mus' have a skeemvactory he turns out so many; put I guess now he

vill keep glear of pankin skeems vor dare is sum in dis vard vot vil shurely, shurely make him sick of pankin--put vat vos he up to now, der schly ole vox?"

"No sooner did the door of his bank close, than the wily old scamp sprints for Washington in hopes of getting the receivership. There is money in that, you know, but I am told that he got badly left."

"Ho! ho! der sheek ob dot Boss. Vell, vell, dot mus' pe goot news vor de boor sucked-in de-bositors, don't you tink dot? Ho! ho! Receiver vor his own pank? Dot peats der regord! De boliticians of dis gundry run avay vid it all, some vine day, if der beoples don't vake up soon."

"How is it, Mr. Bungstarter, that while so many in this district had their last dollar in the Boss's charge, you yourself are not a victim?"

"Don't you beleeve, young veller, dot de Boss passes me py vidout a loud call. Oh, yes, he paited his hook vell to haul me in. See vot he says. He cums in der pack room von day, rings der taple-pell

loud, and ven I cums in vid his visky—dot's his drink alvays—he smiles and tabs me on der shoulder, and he says: 'Bung, ole poy, you mus' be rollin' in velth, put you can stan' some more shtamps yet, I guess? Pull your chair closer, my dear ole batriot, I vaunt to talk peesness. Your

pig hall is empty; that's a dead loss. Again, der law 'lows no peer to be sold 'lection day. More dead loss. Now, your ear leetle nearer, brother. Hem,' and in a whisper he says, 'vait until your vife goes out.'

"Excuse me, Boss, says I, my vife an I have no peezness of any kind vidout gonsultation."

"Jes so, jes so! Good evening, Mrs. B——, you are looking very well, madam. Nuthin' bleases me more than to see man and vife pull together. Putiful examble of the drue vay for married volks to brosber. Hem! I have your good husband's welvare, madam, alvays at heart. Dear me, vy hav'ent I noticed before that you are standing, madam? Take this chair. Yes, I like to help Karl all I can. Blease close der door, prother Karl. Thanks! Good folks, I mean to git your pig hall rented vor ther hull bresidential gambain. Yes, from der moment our nomination is made; further, this nice large pack room is joost vot ther register pord needs; an on 'lection day, as no peer can pe sold, and your good man vill shoorly vish to resbect ther law, your saloon vill make a nice bollin' blace. Now listen; ther whole ting is managed dis vay. Your worthy huspand obens a small agount vid my pank. I pass to it vot I gollects vrom der Bresidential gampaign gommitte

for hall, back room an bollin' blace. I also allow him, as an ole vriend, madan, more indrust dan I gibs to any other debositor, vhatever. Put dat in strictdes gonvidence, you know. An see here vot a nice scheck-pook I have vor Karl. Instead of keeping money in der saloon, a risky thing to do, madam, till there is enough for der Prewer, you send down to der pank, every mornin' vot you takes in der day pefor. When der Prewer comes let Karl draw his scheck. But you two dear old fashioned volks, of course, don't know vot a solid standin' in der gommunity a pank agount gives beoples. An', madam, he has such a nople signature too, dis worthy huspand of yours; it's jes like old John Hangok's on dat Declaration of Independence on der vall, yonder. There's no charge, you understand for check-book? By the by, Karly, old boy, pring in a box of your pest cigars. The Directors' pord meet to-morrow, we all like a good schmoke. You shall hab a standin' order vor dem, twice a week."

"'Vell, Katreen,' says I, ven dose oxbensive

sigars vos baid vor, 'vot you thinks, shall ve put our vew schtamps in Meester Jawson's pank? Every poddy say in der vard vot a safe pank dot vas.'

"Vell, my vife lays down her knitting an tinks hard a pit an den she surbrize me vid vot she tells der oily ole Poss: 'Meester Jawson,' says she, me and my ole Karl, eber since ve keeb dis saloon know put von pank, dots an old shtockin of mine, and I, vid his vull gonsent, am der gashier of dat Home Pank. Oxcoose us, Meester Jawson, dot ve go some time more vid dot Home Pank, ain't it so, Karl? I nods my head an' she dakes up her knitting an' says no more. 'Vall, dose vords of my shmart vife settles dot debositin peesness at vonce. Do you see now, vare my vife's head vos pig? Yes sirree! put vor her I would hab svallowed dot oily rasgal's tempten pait; den, vare vould I pe to-day? Boor House, I oxpect. Dough I hab no shtamps in dat busted pank yet dot vailure offects my peezness some. I dit not tink I had so many gustomers vot keeps pank accounts. Dare money,

day say, is all died ub in Meester Jawson's pank. So I hab to drust dem ; see dot schlate how vull it be? Vot you tinks, doan' some ob dem shaps put up a shob on me? My gracious, vot vants a fellow vid a sheck-pook ven he not earns even a tollar a day?"

"Yes, Bung, some rogues may be playing on you the busted bank racket, no doubt of it. But you ought to just hug yourself that you, unlike many of your neighbors, are not 'in the soup,' as the saying is."

"Oxactly. Den dare is a nudder ting dot pank vailure prings to my notice. Dot you 'Merican peoples take dare skinnen by such rogues as dot Boss Jawson vidout much kick. Put it is not so vid de mens and womens vrom my gountry. Now dare is my putcher down de shtreet. Der Boss promises him a pig city gontract to feed vid sheep meat de boor house. Great Scott! how dot putcher rub his pig red hands together as he tells me vot joy and velth cum to him vid dot gontract, an' he vill go to visit Sharmany on it. Put dot butcher

never git dot gontract, dough he obens at de Boss's request a pig pank account vid him. De Boss tells him ven he kicks to vate vid patience a vew veeks till de ole gontract vos out vid anudder putcher. You see, zentleman, Meester putcher man to-day has no gontract an' no monies eider. Vell, how you tinks dot man an' his vife pein' a Sharmans dakes dat shwindle? Vell, I vill tell you. Ven de news cum to dot putcher, he runs to de pank just as de pig doors are shlammed in his face. Vell, he kums home, dot putcher, and he oils up his bistol, he gleans his gun, he sharpens his sword—he vos a vine soldier, an' vought vid me under General Hooger—den he gets a pig glub vor his vife an' der two dus armed goes to dat vine new house vot der Boss lives in. Of course, dey do not vind him at home. 'Vell, den,' says dot ole soldier, 'Vife, ve vill joost gamp on der bremises until he gums home.' Vell, he ment peezness dot ole vetren an' vood not move avay ven told. So de Boss's vife telephones to der bolice and der bolice gaptain cum in der batrol

vagen. Dot officer say, 'Gomrade (dot bolice gaptain vos an' ole soldier, too) deres only vomen volkes in dis house, der Boss is not here I am certain. Now, you an' Misses vill certainly get der rheumatics gamben on dis grass plot all night, an' vor weeks, berhaps, vaitin' for Mr. Jawson. Dot vill be pad vor you, gomrade; you ain't der boy you vos at Schancellorsville. Put you must give me your gun, gomrade, cum, I'll do all I can to help git your money pack. Fightin' vor your pay in war ain't ther shtyle of fightin' allowed vor your bay in beace. You must take der law on him, gomrade, as other volks hab to do.' Vell, dot bolice gaptain had to take dot mad putcher an' his vife to de station house, dey vos so determined to shoot de Boss at sight, an' dey vos put py the judge under heavy ponds jost dot dis d——d rasgol of a Boss may hab no vear of his brecious pones peen proken by dem whose life an' fortune he had ruined. Believe me, my vind zentlemen, no pond to keep der beace vill save der Boss from der tongue lashin' dot mad putcher's vife vill shoorly

dreat him to ven der neighbors give dot lady, as day bromise to do, a tib dot he is in her neighborhood. All der bunishment de law vill gib de Boss vill hurt him no more dan de ox is hurt pi a binch on his horn. But dot mad putcher vooman's tongue! No law vill save him from dot—"

The sudden break in the old landlord's gossip was caused by his watchful eye following a new guest noiselessly opening a side-door and as stealthily disappearing into the retirement of the saloon's back room.

In response to the feeble tap of a bell the landlord without consulting his back room guest, took up a certain black bottle and a glass, and as he passed the gentleman he had so lately talked with, there was a very knowing wink exchanged between the two.

After a short interval given to his mysterious guest, the landlord returned to the public room. He was about to resume his interrupted chat with his former companion, when his wife beckoned him aside. The whispered information she gave

caused the husband to quickly impart it to the mysterious occupant of the rear room.

The back-room guest uttered not the slightest word of remonstrance when he was very energetically assisted out of a rear window by his host. But he did express a few hot and unchristianlike epithets when dropped under the window so near a bull-dog's kennel that he was forced to relinquish the skirts of his black frock-coat, and no doubt the scaling of a picketed ten-foot fence, and the unexpected dousing into a stagnant duck pond caused still hotter exclamations to warm the surrounding air.

Now, this solid gentleman, sprinting for dear life in all the roaring shame of a tailless coat, was the sadly persecuted political banker, and he was fleeing from the one solitary terror his evil ways could possibly bring upon him, the nimble tongue of an excited middle-aged female victim, the plundered butcher's wife, who was close upon his trail.

Boss Jawson for a long time after was supposed to be still fleeing from the wrath of the mad

butcher's lady, and had probably put the ocean between them. That the public thought so was strongly hoped by a certain very respectable looking colored gent doing much white-washing and fence-repairing about the ample grounds of the elegant Jawson villa.

So short even is the memory of folks that have been most brazenly robbed, that it was scarcely six months before this workman with a black face felt it entirely safe to remove his burnt cork disguise and, nothing daunted, was quite ready to resume business again in guiding the moneyed affairs of his countrymen. But not at the old stand, however. Patriotic Mr. Jawson's financial services to his sweetly amiable countrymen were for the future exclusively in the political line. Manipulating (with sticky fingers perhaps) campaign funds and lobby boodle was less liable to a check, the Boss hoped, than investing bank deposits in wild-cat land schemes of his own devising. Besides, and it was certainly an advantage, there was sure freedom from tongue-lashings from exasperated female victims.

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN.

MR. VAN DYKE BROWN, after a lucky stroke in stock speculation, resolved to retire from Wall street and enjoy his fortune.

"If I keep on speculating on the Street," he observed to his wife, "the boys," (meaning his broker friends) "will not give me a moment's rest until they have back every penny of my winnings. As we have no children, I guess that we two can worry through the rest of our lives on eight or ten thousand a year."

"Oh, my dear Vannie," responded his affectionate lady, "now I see my way to a real triumph. I only wanted money to do it. It is to have a picture gallery—one that will contain such gems of art as only a real artist can gather."

"And who is the artist you will trust with gathering together these gems, my dear?"

Here Mrs. Van Dyke Brown, with eyes flashing with excitement suddenly disappeared from her husband's presence and as quickly returned with a small bit of canvas. After lighting every burner of the parlor chandelier and putting the picture in the best light, she took her Vannie by the left ear, pulled him out of his easy chair, and led him up to behold the wonderful creation.

"Ain't it upside down, my dear?" asked the artless husband.

"Oh, the stupid Vannie. Don't you see that it is a bit of still life? A salt mackerel—see its steel-hued scales glistening with the dewy drops of crystalizing brine. Though I painted it at boarding-school thirty years ago, it must have had a great deal of merit in it, for Professor De Daubs, our drawing master, said in the best English he could command, 'My dear Mees, dot mackerel is vinely done; every loafer of de vine arts must say so.'"

"Perhaps he was a loafer in fine arts himself," remarks her dear Vannie.

But Mrs. Van Dyke Brown was not to be sat

down upon by a sarcastic remark from an ex-Wall Street broker—husband though he be.

Shortly after, a long art gallery was added to the Van Dyke mansion, and the bank checks of her dear Vannie were in constant demand in exchange for bits of unframed canvases brought carefully to the house by pale-faced gentlemen with unkempt beards and broad-brimmed hats.

As Mrs. Van, with her dear Vannie in tow, was sauntering up and down the well-lighted art gallery, Mrs. V. remarks :

"Oh, it does relieve me so to talk fine arts instead of empty gossip to my numerous lady visitors. Then it's *so* elevating ! You see I have a mission now, Vannie dear."

The talk with her lady visitors that Mrs. Van Dyke Brown had now exchanged for empty gossip sounded something like this :

"That picture, my dear Miss Pugmeyer, is a fine example of the famous French painter, Count de Sneezy, of the Paris Salon of 1890. It is styled 'The Backslider.' Will you not confess how true

to Nature is the skin of the treacherous banana lying on the sidewalk? Perhaps a very captious critic might object to the foreshortening of the tripped-up old gentleman's left leg, but there certainly is immense genius in the painting of the scowl on the face of the enraged old gent as, lying on his back, he shakes his blue cotton umbrella at the mischievous boy hiding behind the solemn-faced Italian at the fruit stand. As the Count is a painter almost exclusively of religious subjects, the moral of the 'Backslider' I infer is to show what may happen to us all in our daily walks, and how guarded we should be of the language that might spring to our lips on meeting a similar experience to that of this unfortunate old gentleman."

"Ah. I knew that '441-44' would hold you enchanted. My dear Miss Pugmeyer, it is by our famous American painter, Snooks. Yes, that is his original 'City Boarders in the Country.' Could anything be more natural than the purple of the pinched nostrils and the soft blue tinge on the

parted lips of the white-faced, shivering girl in the hammock, as her lover with shaky hand drops into her mouth a five-grain quinine capsule! How deliciously this great artist bathes the whole landscape in an aroma of malaria and dampness. The heavy ulster of the lover worn over his airy tennis suit; the sealskin sack and the light Swiss dress and low slippers of the maiden,—what a glorious combination of warmth and coldness, shade and sunshine! Here, take my magnifying glass, for with it you can read on the lid of the empty pill-box that has fallen on the grass, 'Bolus, Hygeia Ave.' Yes, a very careful artist is Snooks. Like his great contemporary, Messionier, he is wonderful in his details.

"Now here is something by a local artist; I keep it in a corner. It is one of my husband's offsets to a bad debt. The scene is very near home. It is styled 'A Winter Morning at the Railroad Station.' You see the steam of the approaching engine. The steep hillside glistens with ice. The temptation of delaying too long over a hot buck-

wheat cake breakfast has caused several of the passengers to come down the hill a little too fast, Yonder to the right is a silk hat hustling along far in advance of its wearer: the bundle of clothing surmounted by a pair of boots decorating a thorny bush to the left, tells the story of one passenger who will miss his train. The gent prone in the foreground at the foot of the hill is sure to trip up the half dozen others sliding helplessly in his wake. And can you not hear the scream of the young lady gliding helplessly into the embrace of the only self-possessed gentleman on the scene?"

But enough of Mrs. Van Dyke Brown's artistic talk. The draft on the stockbroker's purse before one side of the walls of the picture gallery was covered caused her dear Vannie to put an embargo on further purchases.

"Well," said Mrs. Van D., "if I can't buy pictures, I know I can make them," and wasn't there the salt mackerel to bear testimony to her words?

This resolve made her husband happy for a time. But it was but a brief respite. Mrs. Van D. dur-

ing the winter painted only historical pictures, and she seized upon Vannie as her model. One day poor Vannie fell sick of the mumps. Being a rather fat-faced man the mumps added an outline to his lower jaw that made the poor fellow's face a holy horror. Turning weariedly his aching and swollen features to his wife with eyes longing for

sympathy, judge of his astonishment when his lady, with a look of radiant delight, burst out with:

"What a face for my Goliah!"

When he recovered from the mumps she painted his face in miniature for a locket for herself. When that was finished she borrowed a suit of clothes from an Italian and made Van Dyke Brown pose in them for a ten by eighteen feet picture in oils, meant for the spring exhibition of the Academy of Design. The features of the uncouth tramp in the foreground spurning lead-colored buckwheat cakes from a servant girl at a kitchen window, has a very striking likeness to the face in the cherished locket set in diamonds and worn by Mrs. V. D. on full dress occasions.

When summer came poor Vannie was loaded with camp-stools, easels and paint-boxes, and meekly followed Mrs. V. D. on long tramps along the banks of the river or toward the neighboring mountain range. School children often mistook the party for an organ-grinder and his wife, for certainly the palette which Mrs. Van carried suggested a tambourine.

One sultry afternoon, after sketching in a meadow a distant view of the wooded hills, Mrs.

V. D. desired her amiable Vannie to furnish her with a cow or two for the foreground of her sketch. As the day was warm and the gentleman very fleshy, he determined to hurry up the hillside to the vicinity of his wife as speedily as possible two very meek-looking cows cropping the grass at the bottom of the meadow. As corpulent gentlemen on hot days are generally very excitable when disturbed at their ease, Mr. V. D. Brown applied his stick with so much energy that up the hills the two beasts trotted so very lively that they did not stop even for Mrs. V. D.'s easel and large canvas. Realizing too late how imprudently he had acted, Mr. V. D. B. was almost paralyzed. But he was relieved at beholding a pair of black silk stockings swing over the top-rail of a fence and the foremost of the cows prancing along the meadow with a framed canvas stuck upon her horns.

Mrs. V. D. was safe. As a tribute to her faithful portraiture of grass the heifer took to eating the unfinished landscape. The cow belonged to

the herd of a milkman. No wonder that the next day a great many of his patrons were stricken with the painter's colic.

REV. DR. EBONY'S JUBILEE DISCOURSE.

AT the Eboneezer Chapel on Snow Street, Rev. Dr. Ebony, pastor, there was held a grand jubilee. The Eboneezer flock had paid off the last cent due on a long-standing mortgage and the black lambs were skipping with joy and their woolly-pated elders were grinning merrily.

Their shepherd had an idea that a few sharp criticisms as to certain means resorted to in gathering in the wherewith that had wiped out the grinding debt, and of which, at the time, he had questionable doubts as to their appropriateness, from a clerical point of view, would get a much better hearing now that his followers were in such rare good-humor.

Closing the book and pushing it out of danger, in case it should through much excitement on his part be toppled upon some woolly pate in the front

seats; and then taking an exhaustive pull at his pulpit water supply, the good doctor felt quite prepared to get down to his long-smothering desire:

"Bruderen, we hab reached victory after a long and terruble fight. We hab poultry to show how hard it am for church folks at all times to rake in de stamps. It am well expressed in dees two lines::

"'De fifties and de twenties go for payen off de rent,
But heabin and de organ-grinder gits de copper cent.'

To reach de happy port we am to-night arrived at, you, my belubbed, 'riginated more financial schemes dan a busted Wall Street broker could tink of to sot himself on his laigs agin. Let us trabbel back to sum ob dem and view dem coolly now de heat of battle am all ober. Perhaps some

ob dem schemes will now strike you as not worth taken out a patern for.

"Yes, indeed, belubbed, it was fierce fighten all de way; yet dere was but one life los'. Let us drop a big tear for dat unfortuuate one. I refer, bruderen, to young Hannabull Columbus Snyder. He was a hero in dat fight an' to p'int a moral from his sacrifice I mus' recall his sad story. At de very last' festival gibben by de ladies of dis yere chu'ch, young Han arrived hungry and early; but so pleaden' were de ladies dat run de 'freshment tables near de do'r dat it was late in de ebenin' when dis youth fotched up at de bake bean counter ob his best girl. For, tamperin' wid de appetite ob dat young man to de extent dat de young ladies by de do' did, caused to flow dees cruel saluten' words from de lips of Han's sweetheart: 'Mr. Hannabull Columbus Snyder, arter picnicken' at ebery 'freshment table in de room, you cums sneaken' at de 'lebenth hour to me who am runnin' dis bake bean counter; an' you cums chuck full to de bery collar button. Wid appetite

gone an' money too, I hab no doubt, what furder use, Han, am you to me, in my ambition to win de ring offered by de westry to de church sister who collars de mos' stamps at dis yer' supper. Oh Hanny, dear, how could you treat your steady so cruel? Wow! wow!'

"Wid dees las' laments Han's best girl bust into tears and Han was all broke up wid grief and 'morse ober his neglect ob his sweetheart's first claims on his puss an' his appetite. When tings looked to Hanney as if she was sure to gib him de cold shake, den it was dat he braced himself up an' showed de fust-class hero stuff in him. Wid a voice throwen out signs of comin' appleplexy, he whispers:

"'Set 'em up! Miss Gerusha; a whole big panful if you like. Ebery blessed bean ob dem you will see me walk away wid, if I don't bust in de 'tempt.'

"'Too late, too late, Mr. Snyder,' she moaned, 'I know too well dat nuthen you kin do now wid yer wasted appetite will count in eaten off de big

church debt. Fool was I to set a store on what I hear 'bout your eaten 'pacities, for dey tell me dat when de Dutch baker's cart was run away with an' upsot afore your mammy's door, no champion pie-eater ebber did what you did. I forget 'zactly how many hot pies you rastled 'cesfully wid—but de number was monstrus. De youth as did sich wonders wid his mouf, says I, is my own 'tentive beau, an' for lub of me he will most eat up de hull church mortgage, an' here at my own table too; but, alas! poor confiden' me! no such happy vision am I to realize. Alas! alas! my faithless lubber hab fallen by de wayside, tempted by dem sharp sirens near de do', an' day hab shorn him, I am sure, ob scrip as well as any desire for beans. Wow! wow!' 'Gain and 'gain did de distressed young champen pie-eater eloquently plead for mercy an' forgiveness, an' finally his Jerusha relents; but her consent showed plain dat it carried its full price. Jes' harken to de words ob de cruel contract: 'Now listen to me, Mr. Snyder; down your mouf goes dis hull pan ob

beans, plate by plate, each ten cents worth measured accurately by de standard sot by de ladies' committee; odderwise, Mr. Snyder, dis night I sends back all yo'r gifts to me, an' you an' I, Mr. Snyder, ebber after will be strangers to each udder and not eben will I say, 'Mr. Snyder, I'll be a sister to you. Dare, Mr. Snyder, dat am de worden' ob de work cut out for you to do to git back into yer ole place in my 'fections. Believe me, Mr. Snyder, I'll not take back a letter of it—you hear me, Mr. Snyder?"

"'Set 'em up, Jerush," was his plucky reply. Yea, he did and to his early ebnin's hebby work all to a bean dot was asked ob him as his only step-ladder to climb back to his lub'd one's 'fections. Accorden' Miss Jerusha's testimony fore de coroner's jury it took eighteen ten-cent plates of bake beans to win him his best girl's forgibness an' later a golden harp.

"Now, belubbed sisters, doan't none of you be inclined to kick dat de trustees ob dis church, wid de fate of young Han befor' dem, hab, at my re-

quest, 'cided, 'nanimously dat at all fucher ladies' church suppers, dat de extreme limit ob persuasion to be 'plied 'to young men who are held up by young females runnin' de 'freshment tables, shall be: Firstly, as to clam and oyster stews, ten plates; secondly, as to beans, eight plates. Dis tariff am based 'pon keerfully gathered medical sticktics as to de average safe limits ob de civilized African normal stomach w'en loaden' cargoes of de aforesaid foods. So no more 'eaten stunts' shall there be even if dis church gits as poor as an Italian's horse.

"Next I cums to our strawberry fes'val. Hit has always been de proud boast of de Eboneezer folk dat dare chapel beat all de udder meetin'-houses in dis city wid de fust lit transparency leadin' to a strawberry festival. Dat troublesome mortgage is wid us no more. We darefore, bredren, can't on de next 'casion fall back on de ole excuse for rushen' in dem festivals far, far in 'vance of de season. Never again need de good ladies ob dis church dye green berries wid cheap candy col'ren,

which pious trick played by dem was how de odder churches git left so badly. Hereafter, bredren, we'll be patient and wait for de good hot sun just to git in his own col'ren work. We will save on sugar an' run no risk ob bein' 'dicted by de Board of Health. I assure you, bredren, dat dare was but little money comin' to us from our las' strawberry festival. De bes' part ob de 'ceipts had to be spent in peppermint lozengers for de infant class ob de Sunday school, an' in Jamaky ginger an' fixin's for your pasture an' his elders.

" Lastly, belubbed, doan' let dare be any more ob dat grab-bag business. Let me 'lustrate, bredren, by what I see wid my own eyes ob de sorrow dey brought to some of our innercent pecaninnies, dem lubly sweet chocolate cherubs ob de infant class. De precious little lam's, holen tight dare few coppers, flock in droves to de matinee ob one ob our church fairs wid a grab-bag attachment. In dare search for de bes' penny inwestments in de show dey was all gathered in by ven'rable Sister Dusenberry, who was bossin' at de time one ob

dem fake grab-bags. Sister Dusenberry wid de voice ob an ole sireen wables 'Will de blessed 'ittle honnies try dare luck? Only one 'ittle penney, honnies; dat cheap, shoreley.' To dis pleadin' ob our aged Sister, one tot, Mosey Jackson, invested his copper forchune and got fust chance at de fishen'. Well, he dove into de big bag so deep dat you could only see de new patched heels ob his leetle boots. When after a spell Sister Dusenberry haled him to de bag top, little Mosey showed for his fishin' luck a bundle quite as large as himself. Now what got Mosey, think you, belubbed, in dat big haul he landed with difficulty? I'll tell you—jes' one little lone gord-forsaken peppermint-drop! He had been deceived, dat only two-foot high Christian lam', by the fourteen Sunday newspapers dat it war wrapped in. He had froze on to dat deceptive bundle 'cause it looked like a disguised watermelon.

"Oh! my belubbed, I kin hear ringin' in my ears now dat sorroful wail ob poor, deceived little Mosey. I felt so much sympathy for de little cuss

dat I had no heart to whack him with my cane at what I seed him do later. What odderwise I'd hab shingled him for was dis: After shedden' many hot tears in de punch-bowl dat held de penny lemonade, Mosey he braces up from dat bad fishin' luck in de grab-bag an' determined to git his los' copper worth back again. So when his Aunt Judy's broad back was turn, Mose helps himself to all de creem dat mouth like his would hold. An' I surely beli've before he drapped de cubber of de freezer, Mose had got away wid, an widdout settlin' for it, 'nuf cream to run a small restaurant on a hot Fourth of July. Now, let me say to all de black kids in dis big congregation, an' Mosey himself, dat stealin' ain't de right way to git eben wid de grab-bag swindlers. Dat ain't de way dat George Washington or King Solomon would hab settled de grab-bag swindlers ob dare day and generashum. De next' time, boys, dat any ob our church festivals you tink you ain't got your pennyworth, jes' sprint for de place where you see your belubbed pasture sotten—gen-

erally at de fried chicken stand. He'll 'vestigate your complaints at once, an' if true, den he will confixtycate de hull stock in de grab-bag as promptly as Mr. Comstock would collar de boodle of de green-goods man.

"Now, belubbed, haben' 'spressed openly my displeasure as to certain feachures ob dem past 'ttainments I hope dat no bredren or sister will tink it's 'bout time my salery was reduced an' my many years 'luded to. Dat's de modern way churches hab of hitten' back at a pasture who gibs unwelcome advice straight. No, belubbed, I hope better things of you. I see dat de choir am impatient to be let loose on de Jubilee hymn, so I let 'em hab der way an' do you all jine in hearty, for you hab good cause to rej'ice.

FIRST NIGHT IN A NEW HOME.

LADY OF THE HOUSE: The Heavens be thanked that the last load has arrived and is unpacked. What a day this has been of anxiety, vexation and hard work. And what a scene is this about me! Every room in the house looks like a dock after the arrival of a freight boat. If I move again I vow it shall be nowhere but to a cemetery. And here is nightfall, and not a bed made or a stove set up; and where to lay my hand for a single cup or plate to set out the supper-table, blessed if I know. I feel like a female Robinson Crusoe with a little of everything from the wreck about me. But the very first thing, of course, is a cup of tea for my husband. The dear, good man; what a time he is having with the kitchen stove-pipe. I must close the register for fear of hearing any of those awful words that a stove-pipe too big for the hole in the

chimney always will provoke in the best of men. If I recollect rightly, the tea-caddy is at the bottom

of one of those seven tightly-packed barrels yonder! And the sugar! Let—me—think; where did I put the sugar? I fear I must give it up. As to the spoons, I know well enough where *they* are. In the shoe-bag, of course. Being silver I supposed that a shoe-bag was the safest place for them. But where is that shoe-bag? And the loaves of fresh bread baked yesterday in the old house so as to keep us in bread 'till we got somewhat to rights? Now, I have a very faint impression that I wrapped those loaves of bread in the ironing-blanket and stowed them and a cold ham in —in—in—oh, if I only had time to think I could put my hands right on them, but there's that im-

patient husband of mine, hollerin' to me again. "Comin', my dear, just wait one moment." What is that heaped up in yonder corner? Well! if it isn't the hired girl's iron bedstead, that I gave such *particular* instructions to the men to carry up to the little third story back room. Now I daresay that those same men have tugged the refrigerator up into the attic. There's John's yell again. He has at last the stove ready to light, for he is screamin' for a match. Oh, there's lot's of 'em somewhere. But he must give me time to think. The worst of movin' is, it tempts men folks to break the third Commandment. Why, the words he's usin' in his delirium for matches, are hot enough to light a fire without 'em. "Yes, dear, I'm huntin' everywhere for 'em." Where did I put 'em so as to have them to my hand? I'm sure there's a toilet match-safe in the top-drawer of yonder sideboard. Just my luck; the drawer is locked. Now where is the key? Dear me, if there ain't a hole right through the canvas of that oil painting over there. Let me examine it. How very fortunate it is

only the portrait of John's first wife. With one eye gone and a long crack across the nose, surely John will not think of hanging it up in the dining-room again, where, for ten years past, it has had its eyes steadfastly set on me at every meal. I've always held that when a man takes a second wife, his first wife's portrait ought to be given to the first wife's relatives. I only tolerated it because it wasn't the *least* like her, and was a hundred times better looking than she ever dared to be. What's that crash upstairs? I do believe it's that clumsy Bridget tryin' to move John's heavy bookcase by herself. Well, I suppose I must give up the hunt for those matches. John must go next door and borrow a few. They look like nice folks, and we shall want their milkman to serve us. I suppose he'll kick just because he's got stove-polish on his hands and face, and hain't got his store clothes on. Dear me, how particular that man is—a married man, too—over a little errand like that on a movin' day, jes' because there's good-lookin' young ladies livin' next door. Gracious heavens! What a pile of

dirt the folks that moved out have left behind them for me to clean up. And see those rows of carpet tacks left in the floor. I know too well it was a *man* that took up their parlor carpet ; took hold of a corner and jes' yanked it up by main force. Ketch a man gittin' down on his knees and taking a deep interest in each individual tack as a woman would. So there is where their sofa sot ! I can read that plainly by the straight, dull horizon of hair-grease dead'ning the gilt wall-paper. Young men with oily heads would save a great deal of trouble to housekeepers, I am thinkin', if they called in night-caps. I see what that line of hair-grease means for me ; I'll have to go down on my bended knees to the landlord to get this room newly-papered. There's that yell of that husband of mine for the hundredth time. To think of any civilized bein' makin' a row about a missing coal-scuttle after a day like this ! All I can say is that it was in the fourth barrel that came in the third load. Does he suppose I'm to leave off gettin' supper to find a coal-scuttle ? Well, I suppose I

must, or he'll be bringin' up coal from the cellar in my patent ice-pitcher. I'll just call Emeline to set this table and then go to John.

MISS EMELINE: Ma may yell till the cows come home, but I'm bound to have my curls in order before I go down stairs, even if it is movin' day. Dear me, what a labor it is fixin' one's hair with a lookin' glass at one's feet! but then, dear Augustus is sure to be here to-night. Young folks expectin' to start housekeepin' very soon should know somethin' about this evil of movin'. Oh, how sick of movin' I'll make him. I'll set him at hangin' pictures or to helping pa move the piano. Oh! I do hope that he will have the presence of mind to stop at the drug-store and load up with caramels, for I don't see as there's a possibility of there bein' anything nice to eat in this new house for the next twenty-four hours. To think there is but one chair in the parlor! But he won't mind sharing that, I guess. If he *does*, he'll have to put up with a seat on the step-ladder. Of course he'll come, for he's

so broken to the habit of coming every night that I don't believe that the fact that we have just moved in will keep him away. Then pa and ma are awful tired, they'll want to retire early, and won't that be nice? But how will he know *when* it's *time* to go? for no one in the house can find the pendulum of the parlor clock! Dear me, how movin' does interfere with folks that's engaged. To-morrow night we will see if Augustus is good at puttin' down a parlor carpet. For the sooner that's done the sooner we shall have somewhere to sit away from the old folks.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE: Where in thunder have you women folks stowed my pipe? I suppose no one thought of tellin' the paper carrier where to leave my newspaper. Where did I find *this* slipper? Why, in the cake-box. Who knows where the mate to it is? Well, if I could but find my pipe I'd manage to be comfortable with a slipper on one foot and an arctic on the other. Now, don't tell me that you don't know where the cork-

screw is! I say, you women-folks, leave everything and hunt for my Derby; I can't wear this old white tile to the city to-morrow. Who wears white hats out of season? Yes, I know that everything is upside down and you are all worn out. Well, then, never mind hunting for a glass. My mouth will just hold one good swallow when I have to take whiskey plain. Don't shake your head and look so glum, missus! Did I ever ask for the whiskey except when lobsters are in season or movin' day comes around?

SMALL BOY OF THE HOUSE: Where am I to sleep? Say, tell me, some one. Oh, ain't I glad that my old tooth-brush and the blackin' box can't be found! I say, sis, I did have jes' ther bulliest time on your roller skates before the first load come. Had the bare floors of the hull lower house fer a skatin' rink. Now, don't tell pop about my puttin' a foot through the glass door in the back hall. If yer do, I'll knock yer beau's new silk hat off ther hat-stand the fust chance I get and smash

it flat as a pancake. I say, I seed the man who so keerfully moved us, walk all along ther top of yer piano to get to his horses. Oh, I say, mother, do tell me where I'm to sleep. I suppose I can give the public school the bounce all the rest of the week. Oh, ain't movin' bully fun! Won't I have a picnic, though, with the jar of currant jelly I cabbaged out of the first load. I say, sis, don't be mad with me, but ther only way I could fetch ther cat from ther old house was to-tie her up in the box with your new bonnet. Oh, I'm so sleepy, do tell me, some one, where I'm to roost.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM THE FAR WEST ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

MADAME LA FOUNTAINE'S Young Ladies' Academy was conducted upon high-toned lines exclusively. The late Monsieur La F. had worked at the trade of a roving diplomat. The many court-balls he was obliged to dance at, chasséed away all his wife's fortune and his own health, which latter possession was the only property at the time he could prove a title to. Deportment in all its exacting and elegant branches, was the task the widow, who also had danced at many court-balls, imposed upon herself. The other teachers were transcendentalists to the core, and all hailed from Boston. This was the kind of polishing-school that the wives of the newly-rich desired for their daughters. The programme for a certain graduation day ended, as usual, with a Latin valedictory. The

attention the majority of the audience gave it, and the many times they interrupted with applause, caused an elderly gentleman in the crowd to observe: "How well up in classic cult you smart Easterners are! Blest if I really knew, myself, when to appropriately clap, except of course at the end. As I did not want to get left altogether, I watched that bald-headed old professor on the stage; when he smiled that was my sure cue. Perhaps, after all, he may have been amused at errors."

After the distribution of the prizes, it was the custom of Madame to have her own chaplain, the High Church rector of her parish, bestow a few highly polished moral cautions to the flock of talented and polite young ladies about to be let loose upon a very ignorant and very rough world. A slight cough had sent the priest suddenly to experiment with London fogs and England's damp churches for a speedy cure. "What a rare opportunity," Madame thought, "the good doctor's absence gives me to compliment some rich papa in

the audience!" The first selection made by Madame's searching eye, surprised her very much by the prompt acceptance of her request, for it was meant purely as a compliment. It was the very gentleman who candidly confessed that the Latin valedictory was Greek to him.

In passing his daughter, who was one of the graduates, on his way to the platform, a close observer of the father's face would have noticed a slight flutter of one eye-lid. The significance of the parental signal was fully understood. The young lady's fine eyes instantly danced with merry light, a sure evidence that Madame's severe deportment rules had not done much damage to the natural feelings of at least one of her pupils.

In his opening remarks the gallant old gentleman, in his praise of Madame, quoted largely, one

might suspect, from Sir Roger de Coverley's discourse upon the perverse widow. The thin blood of the old court belle, in response to the flattering words, hung out a few blushing signals, and the absent chaplain was entirely forgotten; but when the gentleman from the far West got to wording his own ideas as to the practical use Madame's lovely pupils might put their costly education to, then it was that the dear old "Minerva of her sex," in defiance of her high degree in deportment, fidgeted with her gold-rimmed glasses and got up a pendulum movement of one foot, while her nose went on a regular spree with her vinaigrette bottle. Though this incarnation of deportment was ill at ease and displeased, not so were many of her patrons and even her politely trained pupils. Here are a few excerpts from the speech, gathered from the local press, that indicate what led to the diplomat's widow's discomfort.

"Would it not be a sad departure, my dear young ladies, from the aim of your carefully demonstrated ethics, for any one of you in the

future to persuade your indulgent and perhaps not over wealthy parent to recklessly subscribe to the bloated incomes of pleasure resort landlords or opulent ocean steamship proprietors, when you had knowledge that the local butcher and grocer were justly impatient over accounts that remain unliquidated? Is it not the duty of a young lady carrying home a prize given for mastering intricate problems to exorcise the evil that the inexorable laws of mathematics create when slighted? Agreeing that it is, then surely you will not try to divide, say, a hundred dollar allowance by more thirty dollar dresses than it will stand, and sanguinely expect to have something over sufficient for a new bonnet.

"And, pardon me if I allude, in the presence of so much wealth and culture, to the absence, in the extensive curriculum of this classic Academy, of a very helpful domestic art. I refer to the confection of the prosaic griddle-cake.

"The generous race, my dear daughters, from which you spring, appear to have deeded over to

the ignorant female immigrant, and without seeming regret, the very foundations of their costly homes. The green Biddy is no doubt astonished at the liberal lease to everything below stairs. For does not the average lady of the house say: 'I will not trouble you with my advice, for, not knowing myself anything about cooking, I have no wish, by experiments of my own, to risk the lives of my family.' With these words delivered, my lady rustles her gathered skirts up the kitchen stairs, leaving behind her in full possession a female who has to stumble somehow or anyhow into duties she is as ignorant of as her own mistress; and when the dreadful day comes,—and in most American homes it comes very often,—that brings with it a sudden vacancy in the cook's department, what will certainly help to bridge over the trying period between the departure of the old cook and the arrival of the new, is the happy discovery to that distracted household, that one fair daughter has more than a theoretical knowledge as to how a light, spongy, well browned and digestible griddle

cake should be made. What proud swelling tones are those the pleased father uses when he says to the youth his daughter is much interested in : ' Be proud as I am of her, my boy! This morning she rescued a starving family—(my wife had bounced the Biddy),—by feeding us with a personally conducted batch of buckwheats, and we are, as you see, alive to boast of it !'

" I was deeply moved by your well-trained voices singing ' Sweet and Low,' your class parting hymn. Don't forget, my young friends, the great popularity, at times, of the soft pedal. When you bloom like rows of bright flowers in the theatre circle or grace an opera box, be generous enough to let the voice of actor or singer be the one the audience may hear most distinctly.

" It may be that some fair listener to my voice may possibly on some future day inherit a monstrous fortune. Let that heiress reflect that her princely estate, yea, to its utmost cent, comes out of her country's mines, its oil wells and its railroads. My sincere prayer for so rich a girl is, that

her patriotism will be strong enough to resist the strong temptation to win a foreign title by marriage vows. A dissolute and impoverished duke, young ladies, makes but a shabby show beside a good, honest, square, self-made young countryman of your own!

"And I pray you, one and all, that you do not let an æsthetic bias for 'feeling,' 'culture' and 'the graceful lines of Classic Art' lead you to find their mission in a ruthless home crusade.

"The faded dressing gown of an aging father is not as fine as a bit of old world tapestry, nor is the mother's Boston rocker constructed upon Eastlake lines. Yet, war not, I implore you, against what Hood calls the 'flanneled ease of old age,' and reverently respect that ancient dressing-gown, its colors so bright in your childhood's eyes; revere it, I ask, as the uniform worn by the kind father on his midnight marches to the sad music of your fretful cry; and venerate fervently that humble rocker at the fireside; for its swaying lullaby closed your tender eyes to many a sweet dream in your mother's restful arms.

"And lastly, my fair daughters, you have been given prizes for being well versed in the grand thoughts and inspired sentiments of unexcelled classic writers. Can it be imagined, that a young lady, after drinking deep at these clear fountains, will find the least delight in the gossipy stream of tattle poured forth by a brainless society youth?

"And pardon me, my dear young ladies, the bold liberty I have taken in airing before you my own crude ideas: and do not forget that they come from one whose only schoolhouse from earliest boyhood was the free, rough world of the early western pioneer. Pray take them as they were meant, as welling up from a heart overflowing with pride for his beloved country and its brave sons and fair daughters."

When this very unfashionable orator finished, it is best to say, the Ambassador's widow was yet breathing. The speaker had two younger daughters, candidates for Madame's polishing mill. Therefore the great authority in deportment refrained to express her true feelings as to the novel oration.

It is told of Madame that she actually shook the old gentleman's hand, yea, both hands at once. As the pumping ceased, words were heard "low and sweet:" "What an exquisite treat you gave us. May we expect your two darling young daughters next term? Again I thank you; your words were so redolent of the freedom of your own broad prairies."

The leader of the orchestra, who performed for swell functions exclusively, beholding with astonishment Madame's cordial endorsement of the words of the gentleman from the Far West, rapped his violin bow and did his best to add his own sentiments by artistically smothering the original music of:

"For he was a jolly good fellow."

COLONEL BEVERLY'S WILL.

THE gilding of young Dr. George Brittain's sign was very bright, and the upholstery in his suite of rooms was not the least worn. The newness of every article of his surroundings advertised pointedly a fresh practitioner waiting for patients.

Night was closing in. The young doctor lit up the gas in his front room, for the hour for receiving patients had come. (He was forced by his limited means to keep down his gas-bill.) In the sudden brightness, the struggling physician was painfully reminded how unlike the equipment of an established practice his brand new furniture would seem to the longed-for patient. Second-hand furniture might have caused a different suggestion, but the new things about him had been bought upon the installment plan, requiring less

ready cash than their alternates, quite a consideration in view of Brittain's almost exhausted purse.

Hope and the young doctor, however, had not yet parted, though the continuous blank face of the slate hanging beside his hall-door was aiding her to hint at the possibilities of an early breach in their acquaintance.

The sanguine Brittain persisted in closing his eyes to the unpromising sign, but the struggle was a fierce one, and upon the day now ending as fruitless as its predecessors, he came very near desponding a bit. Happily, at the critical moment, his door-bell was most vigorously pulled. The small maid of his landlady, whose slim wages, to a cent, were tacked to the young physician's board-bill, was as slow as she was diminutive. Again the bell sounded. Brittain's patience was exhausted, and he answered this second ring in person.

The caller would not enter, but made signs for the doctor to follow her at once. That she could not speak at the moment the door opened was on account of her little breath and much flesh. She

was an aged black women and many a day had passed since she made better time than upon this trip to summon a doctor.

Upon their brisk trip to the house from which

the old negress had come, as soon as the panting old lady could express herself coherently, the physician was informed that her master was very ill indeed. That the only other member of the family was the sick man's niece. They had moved into a neighboring flat a few weeks previous, and

the exertion of moving had finally caused her master, who had recently returned from England, in poor health, an utter collapse. His niece, Brittain was informed, had come on from her home in Virginia to keep house for her ailing uncle, whose business plans required his presence in the North. As a comment upon these details the old servant moaned :

"Poor marster Beverly! I rec'on he do no more business now 'cept to git him soul ready for heabin. I see, a long time, he be gitten mo' feeble like, an when I tell him so, he says ; he hab some right smart pain at times, wid his heart. Den he shake his fist an say, 'Now, Aunty, not a word ob dat to little Sally ; for Lord's sake keep dat from her.' Miss Sally am his 'dopted niece, doctor. Shucks! wat de use ob de ole Cun'l bein' so sly about dat ole heart ob his. She know dat long ago ; yes, when he start for Europe for his health, as he say. an' dat Europe health business, Mister Doctor, jes another blind of de cute ole Cun'l's. He go dare to sell his gold-mine, and he no do it,

either. O Lord! doctor dear, now I's sartin sure ole marster nebber be peart again, I am all a tremble like, for little Misstess; for dare ain't much left in de old gentleman's money-chist; dat's sure, an' de house down in Firginia got two mortgages on it."

All hopes of a generous fee vanished with this confession of the old black woman, but the unpromising outlook made not the slightest check upon Brittain's rapid steps, and he did his best to say comforting words to the moaning family-servant. But she shook her head and answered, "Yes, good doctor, you mean well, an' I thank you; but you know what it am for 'spectable folks to be poor."

"Ah! indeed I do, good aunty."

"No, sir, a stout young man like you don' know what all dat means to a child fetched up like young Mistess so tenderly dat ebbery cold wind was kep' from her; an' as a young lady jes petted to death, an' I as well as all de others, jes as much to blame for dat. Yet, hear me, good doctor, dare's a heap

of work in dese ole black han's ob mine, and till dey drap stiff at my side, Miss Sally shall nebber, nebber go to to de poo' house."

Growing more confidential still the old lady added: "It was jes las' week I ups an' tell de ole Cun'l dat he mus' not put off, a day longer, de putten' of sumpen' aside for jes sich a day as dis, an' all de consolation I gits was to see him wave his long arm, as if dat would sweep all trouble away—an' hear him say, in his gran' way: 'Don't you uns worry ober dat empty money-chest, an' sing to me 'bout rainy days comen'! I tell you, aunty, to hab patience; patience, an' all we Beverlys will be de Wanderbilts ob ole Firginia.'

"Shucks! doctor, I take no stock in sich talk. I hear dat same story, time an' 'gin, from his ole father de Gen'ral. Jes cause de ole Gen'ral, one day see some ting shinen' in de bottom ob dare brook, he declair it gol'. All de Gen'ral's fine lan's jes honey-comed with gold hunten'. Some gold dare sure, doctor, but my ole Jack say, it cost more dan it's worth to dig. De ole Gen'ral died wid

gol' mines on de brain: his son, de Cun'l, am now 'fected same way. I am sartin sure, doctor, dat if de Beverlys only ax ob dare fine lan's wheat instead of always gol'! gol'! den to-day Miss Sally hab all de gol' she want. Here we lib, doctor, you had bes' stay in dat little 'ception-room dare while I fetch young Misstess to tell you all dat trouble ob de ol' Cun'l."

In the slight picture of Miss Beverly that Brittain had cast up in his imagination from the gossip of the old black woman, he had sketched her as a delicate slip of a girl. It started him to behold a rather tall young lady, who, in spite of her uncle's fatal sickness, was perfectly calm. Her voice was soft and musical, every word betraying her Southern birth. He cast one lingering glance at her melting-brown eyes, and from that night their bewitchery never left him.

The moment Dr. Brittain was left with his patient he became convinced that the old Colonel's days were indeed numbered.

After applying some momentary relief, with suc-

cess, the grateful patient gazed some time upon the young doctor's face. The faint smile the sick man finally gave showed that his hasty examination was partially satisfactory. His next action was to grope for the physician's hand. As he released it, a slight wave of disappointment passed over his wan face.

"I'm deuced sorry, young man," he said laboriously, "that you are not a Free Mason. But let that go, for from what I can read of your real character by your face, you are very near the kind of man I want to talk to badly just now. Yes, Doc., I need you for a little business much more perhaps than your physic. Hand me, please, that lap-desk on the table yonder.

"Thanks, now brace me up, Doc., the best you know how, that I may hold out long enough to make a short will. My niece was never legally adopted by me, and I wish to keep from my numerous impoverished heirs, for her sake, the few dollars I can yet command. If the bracer, dear Doc., could be a julep put together by old Aunty herself,

I'll die the happier! A true Virginia gentleman, Doc., loves his fragrant mint full as much as an Irishman his green shamrock."

The dying Southerner's request was consented to by the doctor.

Brittain, though young in years, has stood by many deathbeds, but this one promised to be unique from the few humorous wishes of the old prodigal.

"The last time I made a will, Doc., was long before the war. General Jimmie Farquhar an' I were to exchange shots in the morning of the next day. He blackballed me, the old sinner, at an Easter vestry-meeting, and only his blood could wipe out that deadly insult. I winged him, Doc., just where, when in uniform, his epaulet rested on his right shoulder. Gen'l Jim never dealt cards after that shot. I was deuced cut up about it, myself, for he was a good poker partner, and I missed his company sadly, for he lived within yelling distance, and loved the game."

The young doctor gently reminded his patient

not to ramble from the business before him, which must be, he insisted, as brief as possible.

When the old Colonel had signed the hastily drawn document he had dictated, and the witnesses —the flat janitor and his wife—had retired, the old Virginian gazed upon his signature for some moments, as if doubting his own handwriting.

"It is terrible shaky, Doc., no mistake about that, but it's the best I could do." And for a moment up to his face went his long, thin fingers.

"Oh! my dear little Sally! what a miserable pile of stamps that shaky name now passes on to you. Great Scott! Doc., but it's mighty hard to believe now that befo' the war, that same sig. of Dabney Polk Beverly was good at my Richmond bank for tens of thousands." The old gentleman rolled out the sum with a voice and gesture that seemed to turn it into millions.

The very thought of the old flush-times of his hot youth and his present cheerless poverty sent a cold shudder through the old spendthrift's spare frame. His eye-glass fell upon the attested will and

his poor old gray head fell wearily back to his pillow.

Again did he implore, by signs alone, for another whiff of the fragrant herb, and it was placed by the doctor, close to his pin hed nostrils, and with its loved perfume back again came the last flame of his very life's light.

"Hurry Sally in, Doc., and tell her to bring with her my old mother's prayer-book. The one with the Beverly Arms on the cover, and tell my faithful old mammy to come with her and rub my cold feet as she did my father's. Keep near the outside of the door, Doc. It may be too severe a trial for poor, poor little Sally."

Called to the temporary home of the Beverly's as a physician and leaving the house as a sole executor of the old Colonel's handsome niece,—strangers to him a few hours previous—caused a situation very startling indeed to young Brittain. But he had passed his word to the dying man, and so it must stand. The Colonel's little legacy happily fell, by chance, into honest hands that eventful night.

The best of Miss Beverly's fortune was a life insurance policy. "When I took it out," the old uncle had told Brittain, "I almost considered it a cold-blooded Yankee scheme of chance, and, Doc., it was the very deuce with me at times to raise the annual premiums. But to-night, I view that document in quite a different light."

It distressed the young doctor not a little to find many of the last premiums met by the Colonel's notes. A month's rent, a few tradesmen's bills, the old black woman's unpaid wages for a whole year, and the funeral expenses, left but a few hundreds in cash in the doctor's safe. Out of this Miss Beverly insisted upon Doctor Brittain taking a liberal fee for medical attendance; thus Miss Sally's little legacy was soon exhausted. But that reluctantly taken fee proved very soon to be something of a golden nest-egg. To the gossipy neighborhood the story of so young a man being made sole executor of so charming a young lady, had a spice of romance to it, and it spread from house to house, Miss Beverly's fortune, as in like cases, increasing

at every recital. To get accurate information the young physician was sent for to minister to many sham sicknesses, and Doctor Brittain's name was advertised at many a five o'clock tea. When a bicycle accident occurred in the locality, the victim was hurried to the young doctor's office. The night-bell had to have a new wire and the doctor's office furniture was taking on slowly the worn look of much business.

At the end of a month, a day was appointed when Miss Sally and her faithful servant would visit the doctor, and then say good-bye, as it was the intention of the doctor's ward to leave for Virginia, and rejoin her two elderly aunts living there upon the old Beverly plantation. When at the appointed hour Miss Sally and the faithful Aunty appeared in Brittain's reception-room, the young physician noticed that the old black woman was in tears and laboring under suppressed excitement. Almost the first words spoken came from the faithful servant.

"Oh, good Doctor, I 's got to go back to Fir-

ginia and leab little Misstess behind." The surprised Brittain quickly turned his head to Miss Sally :

" Yes, Doctor, I have decided to stay at the prosperous North. Though I know, well, that everyone of my dear kinsmen would unbegrudgingly share their last bit of corn-bread with me, yet I have now determined to spare them the least sacrifice from their shrunken fortunes. If I can't get a place as saleswoman in some department store, perhaps I may find something to do at that big thread-factory across the river, the tall chimney of which, the front windows of our flat command. Every day there passes our house a long procession of young women employed there."

" Oh ! not at dat big fact'ry, chile," implored the old servant. " Don't I tell you on de way here dat I don' like to go home to de Beverlys of Firginia an' tell dem dat one of dare young lady kin am worken wid her sof' white hands in a spool-cotton fact'ry." Turning her tearful eyes to the young doctor, she said " She be done set on gitten' work

here at de rich Norf, dough I tell her dat my ole Jack an' me work our han's off to make de ole Cun'l's few acres support our dear Honey. So, good Doctor, fin' for her something more easy for a Lady Beverly. All the Beverlys were monstrous high-toned befo' de war."

Beholding a cheerful smile making its way over Brittain's handsome face, the old black held up a threatening finger to her young Mistress, saying: "Don' make no rash promises with yourself, me-lady, 'till de good doctor hab a small say! 'Member, Miss Sally, de ole Cun'l make him your legal 'cutioner, and de law gibs him de right as your gardeen to tell you what am de best to do. An' also 'member, Miss Beverly, de war am long ober and de Yankee kort got to be 'spected now by Firginians as well as North'ers."

Then, as if having some home court proceeding in her mixed remembrance, the old black lady closed her fervent appeal, by dropping a courtesy before Miss Beverly's young guardian, saying solemnly to him: "We uns am waiting for de Court's say, Your Honor?"

Neither the doctor nor his ward could resist the humorous turn this stately appeal of the old black lady gave at once to the scene. Brittain's answer to the old family servant in the character imposed upon him, was to take from his table a picture of a recent graduating class of trained nurses. The intelligent faces and the dainty costumes of the young women in the group pleased the old aunty very much. And Miss Beverly, herself, in fear and trembling asked :

"Is there a possible chance, Doctor Brittain, that I could become without much expense one of their number? The last years of the war, my dear mother, now in Heaven, spent at the Richmond hospitals, caring for the sick and wounded of both armies. More than one Northern officer showed his gratitude to her by substantial gifts at Christmas. She was truly thankful for their kind remembrances, for the war had made her a widow, and very poor in everything but love of kin, and devotions of two old family-servants, my dear old Aunty here and her husband, faithful Uncle Jack."

So upon the doctor's advice Miss Sally took up the profession of trained nurse. Her quick intelligence, with many aiding hints from Brittain, who was now upon the hospital staff, found for her a shorter cut to a diploma than was the usual experience of novices.

The young Virginian girl's gentle ways and sweet temper made her very successful with child patients. Among the many demands for her services, there came one day one from a rich gentleman living some little distance from the city. Her attendance in this house was a protracted one. One evening a letter in her well-known handwriting, addressed to Brittain, was delivered by special delivery to that still young but rising doctor. Supposing the communication a professional one, like others from the same writer, asking some special advice, Brittain delayed reading it until his hours for visitors were over. When finally he was at leisure to give the trained nurse the advice she probably desired, the poor doctor found his task a heart-breaking one, indeed. The trouble was just this: Brit-

tain at heart loved Sally Beverly, but had procrastinated his confession a day too long. That very night the trained nurse had thrown up her engagement and was back to her city address, excited over an offer of marriage from the rich father of two motherless children, whose final recovery from the dreadful typhus the family doctor persistently asserted "was all due to that most self-sacrificing trained nurse young Doctor Brittain had recommended."

Once more was the poor Virginia exile appealing to her guardian, and the question he must answer promptly was this:

"In making you my confessor, faithful guardian, I am sure it is just what the poor Colonel meant when he asked of you, with his dying breath, 'To advise my dear niece with good counsel, and Heaven will reward you, surely, surely,' and I sincerely hope I am not by so doing in this case acting discourteously toward the kind gentleman who has so honored poor Sally Beverly. If I have done him

wrong, I know that you will guard our secret as sacredly as a priest in a confessional. Indeed, my dear guardian, if my answer is to be "*Yes*," it will be because you willingly approve of such an answer. Why I am perplexed at all is that the very service you led me to employ myself in, puts me, I find, outside of the social barrier in which this kind gentleman and his much-loved but aristocratic sister move. To a man who loves me, my present occupation will soon be forgotten; but to the proud woman who has treated me more as a guest than a hired assistant, can she so readily overlook a sister-in-law's early experiences? Then the greatest tempter of all is the present situation of my dear old aunts, at the South. The letters from home, which I found waiting me, tell me how bravely they are fighting poverty off with the aid of old black mammy's now aging arms. All I can spare goes to them, but in accepting this gentleman's offer, I might put them, for the rest of their few years, in comparative comfort. But the depth of his sister's pride, I, as a woman, know too well,

Many of your social exactments here at the rich, cold North are so different from my dear old State's way. A lady of the house of Beverly can wear homespun garments to a grand dinner, and any honorable employment she may be forced to take up does not part her from old friends in her social circle.

"You see now, dear guardian, that in my heart-wearing perplexity how anxious I am for the manly counsel of one like you, whom I know to be so capable of giving it. Yes, dear friend, far from home and kin, Sally Beverly can only turn to you for aid in her friendless situation. If you care not to come and talk with me over the course I should pursue, please write promptly.

"Yours most sincerely,

"SALLY BEVERLY."

Much fine note-paper did poor unselfish Doctor George waste in the painful operation of forming a letter, every word in favor of Miss Beverly's new adorer. Finally he decided to be heroic enough to tell her so in her presence.

Young Brittain, as a surgeon, was never known to blanch over the most tortuous surgical operation imposed upon him, yet when his lovely ward most joyfully welcomed him at the threshold of her humble lodgings, the young doctor's face became as a death-mask. The happy Miss Sally's beaming eyes lost none of their shining joy, as she laughingly said, in her soft bewitching Southern tones:

"You are too late—too late, Doctor Brittain, I could hold back my answer no longer, the tension was too great. He has it now; are you not going to congratulate me?"

Upon the fair white hand she was holding out, dropped a hot blistering tear, for the poor young doctor was doing his utmost to frame his best wishes, when there fell from her lips these soothing words, spoken sweet and low:

"Pardon me, dear friend, you have mistaken my meaning. I wanted to be congratulated for not listening to my tempter. Sally Beverly has now more chances of becoming a second Clara Barton than a rich man's second wife."

A few days later a prominent city doctor burst unceremoniously into young Doctor Brittain's inner office. "Hello! Doc.," he roared, "where is that dashed fine nurse, Miss Beverly, to be found? A whole houseful of kids, red with scarlet fever, and their distracted parents are clamoring in chorus for the famed Miss Sally. Tell me quickly, Doc., is she to be had for love or money? Dash it, man! this family is among my best paying patients and I am quite ready in their interest to kidnap this princess of child nurses wherever she's engaged now. Where the dash is an interview with her to be had? You must know, Doc., for the boys at the Hospital say she is only working for you of late. Ha! dashed if the young rascal hasn't got Miss Sally's picture close beside his book. Dash me, Doc., if I even noticed before how dashed handsome she is. Hospital costumes make these girls look not unlike a dashed lovely stage soubrette? Whew! down South getting ready for her wedding? Look here, youngster, you don't mean to tell me that you intend to marry when you are only driv-

ing a one-horse carriage? But you won't have long to wait, I am told, before your business will allow a team. Doc., my youngster, you are a dashed lucky dog. Don't forget me and the Missis when you let loose the wedding invites."

THE END.

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